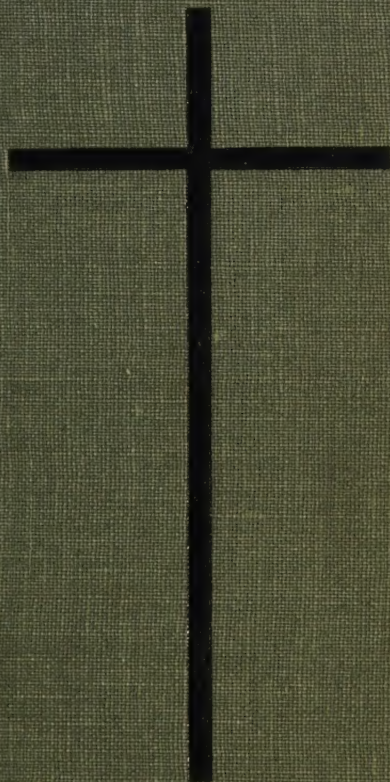


HERALDS OF THE CROSS

SKETCHES
OF
MISSIONARY
HEROES



E. B. TRIST

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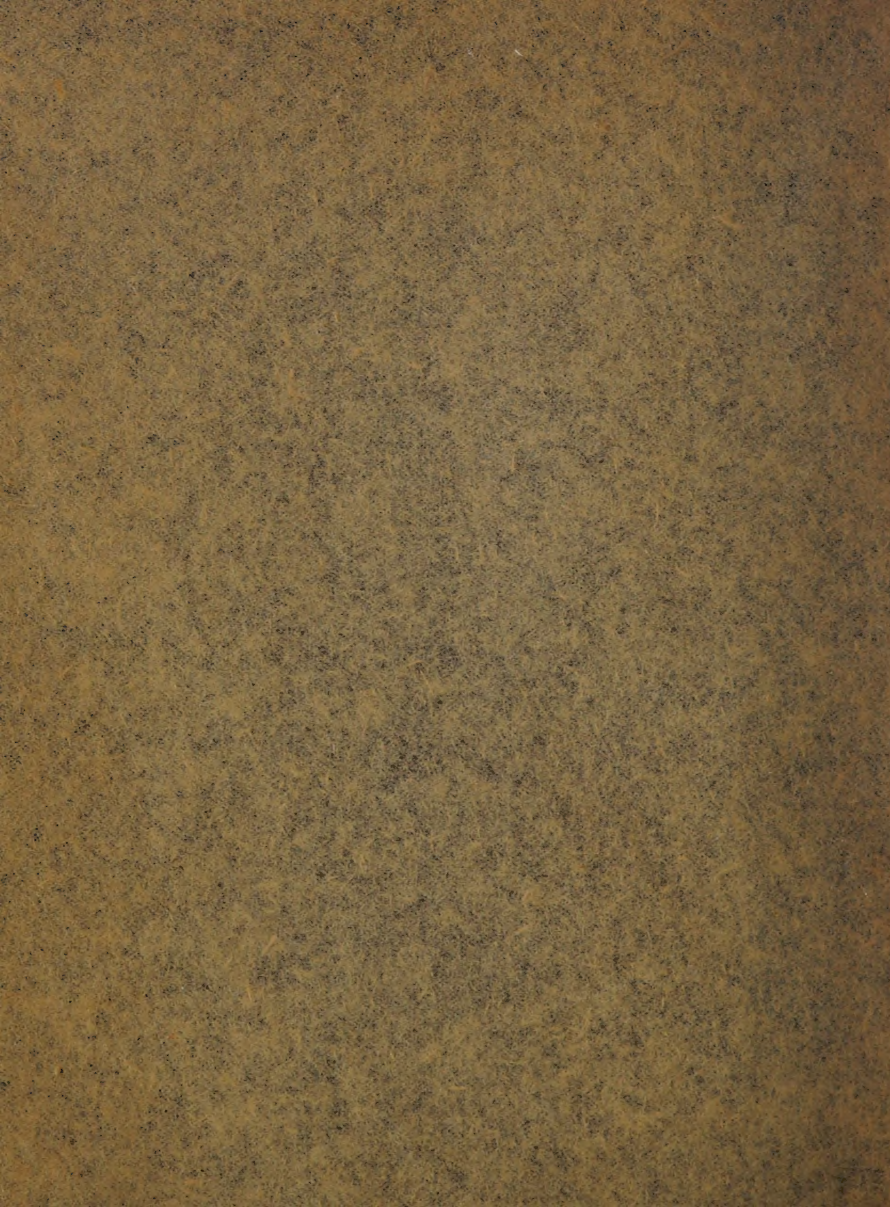


Destroying the "Firewater."

Frontispiece.

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HERALDS OF THE CROSS

SHORT SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY HEROES

BY
E. B. TRIST

AUTHOR OF

"A GLORIOUS HOST," "HOW AND WHERE THEY LIVED IN BIBLE TIMES"
"BATTLEFIELDS OF THE CROSS," ETC.

WITH SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS



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HERALDS OF THE CROSS

I.—MRS. BISHOP, A MOTHER OF MISSIONS

RS. BISHOP was most truly a herald of the Cross, for she went before, and prepared the way for, the missionaries, though never actually a missionary herself.

Before her marriage her name was Isabella Bird, and it became a well-known name from the books she wrote of her travels and adventures.

Her stories were so full of wonderful things that some people thought they were not true ; but there are people who travel about and see nothing, and others who see everything ; and Miss Bird was one of those who kept her eyes wide open.

She married Dr. Bishop, a Scotchman, and had five happy years with him. Then he died, in spite of every possible care and most tender nursing.

Mrs. Bishop did not sit down and think of her own sorrow. She saw the sorrow and suffering around her, and as she had the means of helping

she did so. Her London house was turned into a home for sick people.

THE CALL OF THE EAST

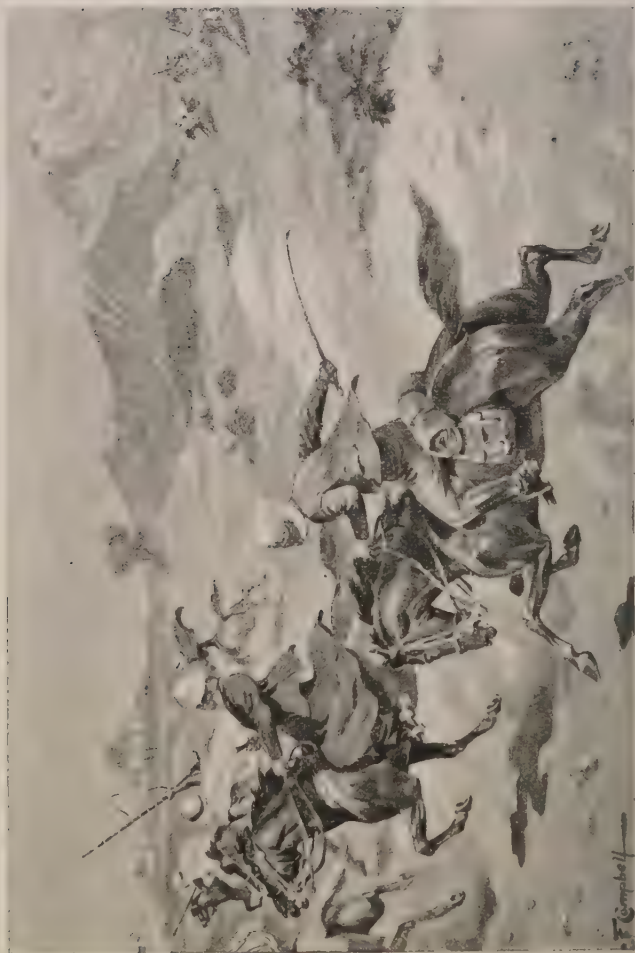
It was at this time that Mrs. Bishop began to feel that there was work for her to do in the dark countries where the Gospel had been very little heard. Her first journey was to India and Persia. She visited the few mission stations that had been started, and helped where she could.

In Kashmir she built a hospital which she named the "John Bishop Memorial Hospital," in memory of her husband. It was the first of several which she dedicated in the same way.

From here she went to Leh, in Little Thibet. She sometimes used to ride in Persian dress, as it helped her to get about with much less trouble than if she had travelled as an English lady.

PRESENCE OF MIND

She had many dangers to go through, but she was never afraid. As some one said, "In presence of danger she became gay, and thought nothing of her own losses." One day when in a boat on a river a sudden storm came on. The water was lashed into fury, and the boat dashed against the bank. The wind swept away her things, but she



Mrs. Bishop pursued by Arabs in Morocco.

didn't think of that. She saw that her friend's boat was in danger of being dashed to pieces against some tree-stumps, and she jumped out of her own boat, waded along the shallow water, and was ready to help the other crew.

THE CRESCENT OR THE CROSS?

People are rather fond of saying that Mohammedanism is a good religion for Eastern people, but the people who say so don't really know what they are talking about.

Mrs. Bishop went next to Baghdad, and on this journey she saw the horrors of Mohammedanism.

She was shocked to see how cruelly the people were treated by the rulers ; everything was taken from them, and if they were suspected of having hidden anything they were tortured, their fingers broken, or their feet beaten to a jelly until they would tell where it was.

She saw all this happening in a country where the people were taught that " There is one God, and Mohammed is His prophet," and she thought of England, where the people believe that God sent His Son Jesus Christ to save them, and she wanted all these poor people to hear this message of peace and love.

She was then making a long and difficult journey, with bad roads, bad water, and dirty inns. Some

of her men perished from cold and fatigue, and Mrs. Bishop nearly died.

She was nearly sixty years old then, but she wouldn't think of giving up her work. As soon as she was rested she set off again.

A PRAYER FOR PEACE

This was one of her most interesting journeys. She met a number of Syrian Christians. They had kept their faith from the earliest days, in spite of fearful persecution from the Mohammedans.

Their little dark churches were fortified against attack, and they were ready to suffer anything, like the early Christian martyrs, rather than deny their Saviour. Though, if they had done so, they could have lived in peace and comfort.

Each day she heard them pray in their churches, "Give us in Thy mercy a peaceful day."

The clergy went to see her, and begged that teachers might be sent to them. They said, "We are blind guides, we know nothing; and our people are as sheep lost upon the mountains."

When she got back to England she was received by Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, and was everywhere treated with respect.

Although she was suffering from an incurable disease, she started off again and travelled through

China, Japan, and Korea. In Korea she found the people living in great dread of evil spirits.


The Chinese she liked very much. She said they were "so straight"—we all know what that means.

She founded a hospital in each of these countries in memory of her husband, parents, and sister.

When China and Japan were fighting over Korea, everything was in a very wretched state; the weather bad, the country flooded. Mrs. Bishop travelled in a clumsy boat on the muddy water, or on land in an equally clumsy cart. Once the cart overturned and her arm was broken.

She only gave up her travels when she was too ill to go again, and very soon afterwards she died at the age of seventy-one.

II.—BISHOP BROUGHTON, OF AUSTRALIA

ERY little was known about the great Continent of Australia until Captain Cook went there in 1788; he came home and said what a fine country it was with beautiful scenery, a good climate, and fertile soil.

Shortly after a small colony was started. For many years no proper churches were built, and only two or three clergymen went out; they could do very little even for the white people, whose numbers were quickly growing, and could do nothing for the poor native. There were no schools for the children, and it seemed as though it would become a heathen colony.

Australia was then part of the diocese of Calcutta, and if you look at a map you will see what an enormous distance they are from each other and how necessary was a fresh arrangement.

ARCHDEACON OF NEW SOUTH WALES

Mr. Broughton was well known to the great Duke of Wellington, and it was he who asked him



Natives hunting the Wallaby.

to go out to Australia as Archdeacon of New South Wales. William IV. was then the King in England, and when he heard that money was needed for the new colony he headed the subscription list and £3000 was sent. The King also gave altar vessels to two churches. A small band of missionaries went with the new archdeacon, and for five years he worked hard amongst both the white population and the natives.

AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES

He found that the latter were what he called a low type, but he did not neglect them ; he felt that for that very reason they needed special care. He insisted on justice for them, and although they were revengeful when injured they at once responded to kindness.

Their way of living was very miserable ; their houses were merely boughs of trees or sheets of bark loosely laced together and covered with opossum skins. They seemed to want nothing except enough food to keep them alive, and all they asked of the white people was to be left alone.

Unfortunately there were bad people amongst the new settlers who ill-treated the natives. That led to bloodshed ; a few white men were killed ; the white population turned on the natives, and thirty or forty were brutally massacred ; then the

law stepped in and seven white murderers of black people were executed. This was a great shock to the colonists, who had looked on the natives as merely animals. All honour to Justice Burton, who said, "Black or white, the law will be equally upheld." That is the only right principle, but it was a new idea in those days.

Although the grown-up native was difficult to teach, the children learned easily, and one black girl who married a white man taught him to read.

They were urged to build better houses, and taught to till the land and grow food, and before the bishop left Australia there was one thriving happy native village with a church, but, of course, that could only help a few in that great continent. You must remember that there were still many thousands of square miles in Australia where no white man had ever been, and even to-day there are many thousands of natives who have never heard the Holy Name of Jesus ; so there is yet an enormous work to be done for them.

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN BISHOP

After five years' work, Mr. Broughton went home to England and was consecrated bishop of the whole of Australia. He began at once to divide the huge diocese, which included also New Zealand, Tasmania, and Norfolk Island. In 1839

he went to New Zealand and found a happier state of things amongst the Maori than amongst the Australians. They were even being taught by their own native teachers, and he saw grandparents and grandchildren, chiefs and slaves, side by side in the same class, showing that they not only had Christianity in name, but also the spirit of Christ, which taught them that all were equal in His sight.

MINISTRATIONS DESPITE ILLNESS

In 1852 Bishop Broughton, whose title was then Bishop of Sydney, had a terrible voyage to England. Yellow-fever broke out amongst the crew, and though the bishop escaped that illness, he was in such a weak state that when he got out of bed to take a funeral his voice could not be heard, so he asked the captain to read the lesson. Four days after this the captain died, and later eight other members of the crew. The bishop won the love and admiration of all on board by his self-sacrificing devotion during this trying time.

In England he had another attack of bronchitis, which for a time prevented him going to see his mother, who was over ninety years of age. When he did go, one of his brothers says : " It was a touching sight to see the Metropolitan of Australia fall on his knees to receive his mother's blessing."

He spoke soon after at a large S.P.G. meeting, and preached two or three times ; then, at the house of Lady Gipps, whose husband had been Governor of New South Wales, he died, after being ill a fortnight.

III.—ARCHDEACON COWLEY, OF RUPERT'S LAND

IN Rupert's Land and Athabasca the people were all Indians, but not all of one tribe. The different tribes are very different in character. The Indians amongst whom Bishop Bompas worked were almost always glad to welcome him and eager to hear the message he came to bring. But the Saulteaux Indians, to whom Mr. and Mrs. Cowley went, were very different, and for many years it seemed as if their work was all in vain.

They were not the first missionaries to go ; Mr. Cockran had been there for twenty years, and it was because he was ill and needed help that Mr. Cowley went. Mr. Cowley's Christian name was Abraham, and he said that he felt he was like Abraham in the Bible—going from his home to a country that he knew nothing of—and he prayed “ May his God be my God.”

FORT GARRY AND MANITOBA

At first the Cowleys stayed at Fort Garry, which is now Winnipeg City, to help Mr. Cockran, who, by the next year, was so much better that he gave up Mr. Cowley to go to make a fresh start where no missionary had ever been before.

The place in which Mr. Cowley settled was between Lake Manitoba and a dense forest ; so he called it Manitoba.

He cut down trees to make a clear space to build upon. Then he planted potatoes, and began to build his log house.

In a few weeks he went back to Fort Garry and fetched Mrs. Cowley. When they got into their house they found it a little awkward to have no furniture but a table. They had to make the furniture, grow food, cook and sew, as well as to teach, which was what they had especially come to do.

As soon as the winter began and the Indians settled down, Mrs. Cowley opened a school to which all the children came, but directly the snow went away and the sun came out, off they all went to hunt and fish.

RED RIVER SETTLEMENT

The next year Mr. Cowley was sent for to the Red River Settlement, and a schoolmaster took

his place at Manitoba, who found a house to live in and crops for food. So Mr. Cowley must have worked very hard during the year he had stayed there.

At Red River the Bishop of Montreal came and confirmed two hundred and two Indians, and before he left two Indian chiefs presented an address to their "Chief Praying Father," as they called the Bishop. Wasn't it a beautiful name?

Soon after this Mr. Cowley went back to Manitoba.

The Saulteaux Indians were a very uncivilised tribe. They wore very little clothing even in the bitter winters. They worshipped spirits and images, and their most solemn service was the sacrifice of a dog, which was done in a tent put up for the purpose. They got madly excited over this horrible business.

When Mr. Cowley tried to teach them or to hold a service they laughed, smoked, and jeered.

THE FIRST BAPTISM

Presently a new mission station was started at Fairford, where there were a good number of Indians and lots of children to teach.

In spite of all discouragements the Cowleys worked on, and at the end of ten years Mr. Cowley baptised his first Indian convert, to whom he gave the name of Luke Caldwell.

This was a happy day indeed, for the good example set by Luke was followed by seventeen others. All these ten years Mr. Cowley had been teaching them, and at last he saw some results of his patience.

After three years more the Bishop wished Mr. Cowley to go and work at Red River, but even the Indians who were still heathens came to beg him not to leave them. One old man said, "When the Father goes away it is natural for the children to cry and cling to him and try to stop him."

So you see he had won their love by his goodness and patience. It was still thought best for him to go, but Mr. Staggs took his place.

Mr. Cowley only once went home to see his father in England.

"FIREWATER"

In 1865 he was made archdeacon. Colonists were then coming in large numbers. Unhappily some of them brought drink for sale, which did a great deal of harm. The archdeacon took much trouble to get land reserved for the Indians, and a law was made that no "firewater," as they call whisky, should be brought there. He worked to the very end of his life, and for the last ten years had his son to help him.

Six years after his death Archdeacon Phair

went to Fairford and found it a Christian village. So we learn that we ought not to be hopeless about any one, because no people seemed less likely to become good Christians than these Saulteaux Indians when Mr. Cowley first went to them.

IV.—BISHOP CROWTHER, OF THE NIGER



DJAI was an African. His father was a rich man, and his mother was the priestess of a heathen god. When their son was born they wished to dedicate him to one of their gods, and used magic to find out which to choose. But the magic seemed to say that he must not be dedicated to any of them, but that one day he would serve the highest God of all.

His early life was very happy. He had his own piece of ground, where he grew yams and kept fowls. It was seven miles from his home ; but he walked there every day chanting to himself a native proverb, " When the day dawns every trader to his trade—the spinner takes his spindle, the warrior his shield, the weaver stoops to his shuttle, the farmer arises with his hoe, and the warrior takes his bow and arrow."

One day a fire broke out in his home, and when the family were all saved the father cried, " Oh, my gods, my gods ! " Adjai rushed back through the

flames and saved all the idols. Of course, he was much praised, and the people thought he would be a great worshipper of the false gods.

A SLAVE

When he was fifteen years old something happened which seemed to him then a great calamity, but which turned out to be a great blessing. His village was raided, his home destroyed, and he and his family were taken away to be slaves. His father he never saw again. After a time he was rescued by the English ship *Myrmidon*, and after two and a half months he was again on shore as a released slave.

TRAINING FOR HIS WORK

He was sent to school, and taught reading, writing, and carpentry by Mr. and Mrs. Weekes. He never forgot their kindness to him.

In 1825 Adjai was baptised and given the name of Samuel Crowther, and, the year after, his friends Mr. and Mrs. Davies brought him to England, where he went to school. He spent his holidays in an English family, learning their games, and having a happy time, though all must have seemed very strange to him.

A LARGE SALARY

When he went back to Africa, he became a schoolmaster at £1 a month. This was the first money he had earned since he had his yams and fowls in his own native village.

Shortly afterwards, when a college was started for natives, Samuel was the first student. Other students soon joined him, and they all lived as much as possible their ordinary African village life without European luxuries. Each had his own task, and Samuel was their monitor, as his master could trust him entirely.

He married Christina Susan Thompson, who was, like himself, a rescued slave.

EXPEDITION UP THE NIGER

All through his life his one aim was to help his own race, and when a party went up the Niger to see what could be done to help the people, he was proud and eager to go with them. It was a sad journey, with much illness and death, but, all through, Samuel kept well, bright, and cheerful.

He went to England to be ordained, and was most warmly welcomed back on his return to Africa. He worked at Abeokuta, where he met his mother and sisters, after they had been parted for twenty-five years. This was a great joy to him, and it was

a still greater one when his mother became a Christian.

Samuel's work at Abeokuta was wonderfully successful. In three years there were five hundred converts. He visited the King of Kitu, who was wearing a crown studded with coral beads, a crimson curtain, and a pair of old carpet slippers. He was quite friendly, and gave Mr. Crowther leave to build schools and teach his people.

A BLACK BISHOP

In 1864 Crowther was consecrated Bishop of the Niger, at Canterbury. It was a wonderful scene. The cathedral was crowded to see one who had been a little slave boy consecrated to the highest order in the Church.


The bishop went back to his own people as quickly as possible. There, to the end of his life, he worked without ceasing—confirming, teaching, and trying to put a stop to heathen customs. Once he was kidnapped by a wicked chief, and held for ransom ; but Mr. Fell and Mr. Rolleson managed to rescue him, though Mr. Fell lost his life in doing so, being killed by a poisoned arrow.

Towards the end of his life the bishop had many trials, and nothing showed the beauty of his character more than the way in which he met them.

He wrote to England saying he was willing for

an Englishman to come and take his place, if that was thought to be a good thing, and he would just work on as an ordinary missionary. This was not allowed, for it was known that, being an African himself, he understood his own people. He died at his post in 1891.

V.—ALLEN FRANCIS GARDINER, OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO

 LLEN GARDINER was born in 1794. When quite a little boy he was found one night lying on the floor instead of in his bed. When asked why, he said that he meant to travel all over the world, and must learn to endure hardships.

He joined the English Navy. While he was cruising in his ship off the coast of South America he began to take an interest in the natives of Chili, and at one time thought of giving up the sea and being ordained. But in the end he decided to remain as he was.

Soon after becoming a commander he left the navy because of his wife's delicate health, and they moved about from place to place. Mrs. Gardiner and their child both died in the same year ; and then the captain decided to give his life to missionary work.

First he went to Zululand, and studied the life and customs of the people, and started the first Christian mission to the Zulus at Natal.

CHILI

He decided to work in Chili. He went first to Table Bay, and then crossed the Atlantic to Rio de Janeiro ; from there straight across the continent to Los Angeles ; then on horseback twenty-four miles to see a native chief, hoping to be allowed to live in the village and teach his people.

It was a rough journey ; at one point they had to cross a river where there was no bridge. They made a raft with tree-trunks, and this was tied with a piece of rope to a horse's tail, and the horse dragged it across.

Corbala, the chief, received him kindly. He killed a sheep to make a feast for his visitor, and Captain Gardiner thought all was going well, and that soon he would be settled at work amongst these Indians. But no ; the next day the chief said that he couldn't, and wouldn't, allow it.

Captain Gardiner then went to visit another chief, and the same thing happened. Then he went off in another direction, thinking that the tribes there might be more friendly. He travelled through a forest of bamboos which looked very odd—just a wall of yellow, leafless stems. At last he came

to a lovely village close to a lake with the snow-covered mountains sheltering it, where the ground was well cultivated, and fruit grew plentifully. But here again he was refused a resting-place to begin his work of teaching.

PATAGONIA

The most southern part of Patagonia is the island of Tierra del Fuego, and it was here that Captain Gardiner went next.

The people living there were entirely uncivilised. They wore the skins of animals, painted their faces in stripes of red from ear to ear, and their long, black hair hung matted over their faces.

The great scientist, Charles Darwin, visited these islands, and said that it would be quite impossible to teach anything to these people ; that they had no idea of God or religion at all. No people with any idea of God had ever been found there ; but Mr. Darwin lived long enough to see that by God's grace these people could be raised from their sad state, and he admitted that he had been wrong about them, and became a lifelong subscriber to the mission that was working among them.

Captain Gardiner went twice to England, and tried very hard to interest people in the work. But no society would then take it up. So he went back at his own expense, with some sailors and some

boats, as he found that the only way to work there was from boats.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS

They landed and put up their tents in Banner Cove. They had to protect their stores from the natives, who had no idea of honesty. They found the tribes so very unfriendly that they decided that they must go to the Falkland Islands as soon as a ship came to take them, and learn the language before they could do any good.

But, alas ! they began to be ill from poor food. Then they waited week after week. Storms were raging, and no ship dare come near this rocky coast. They put out nets to catch fish, but blocks of ice carried them away. Sometimes they caught a sea-bird, or a fox, on which they lived for days.

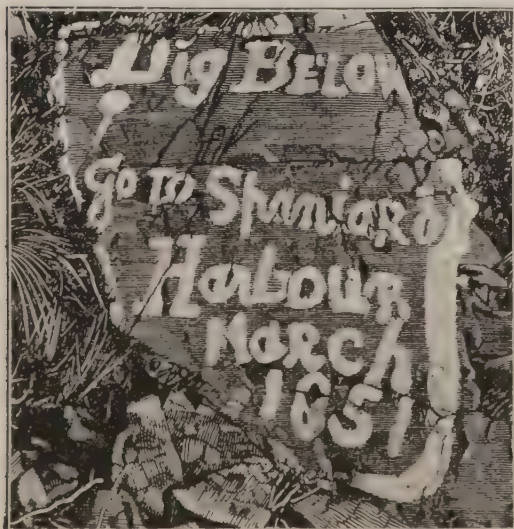
To be safer from the natives they left Banner Cove ; but before leaving Captain Gardiner painted these words on a stone, " Dig below, go to Spaniard Harbour, March, 1851." Below were found letters in bottles.

One by one they died of starvation, and then—when too late—the ship came. Allen Gardiner's body was found laid beside his boat. In his diary these words were written : " Should we languish and die here, I beseech Thee, O Lord, to raise



Gardiner's body was found beside his boat.

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Captain Gardiner painted these words on a stone.

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up others, and send forth labourers unto this harvest."

His prayer was answered. In life he had been unable to persuade people to help him, but his death touched the hearts of many. Others went to take up the work, and it goes on still.

VI.—REV. NEHEMIAH GOREH, OF INDIA

IN England and other Western countries we have different classes of people. But it often happens that people raise themselves into a higher class than the one in which they were born, by their own work or cleverness.

In India they have different castes, and in whatever caste you are born you must remain all your life.

The Brahmins were supposed to have been made by Brahm the Creator, in his own likeness, so all Brahmins are little gods. It does not matter whether they are rich or poor.

The Goreh family were rich Brahmins, and held high positions in Peshwa. When the cruel Nana Sahib rose against the English they remained faithful to Queen Victoria. Nehemiah's name before he was baptised as a Christian was Nilakantha Shastra.

THE SACRED CITY OF THE HINDOOS

Nilakantha's father had no public position, and after his wife's death he gave himself up to study and pious acts.

Their home was at Benares, the sacred city of the Hindoos. They say it is built of gold, though it *looks* like any other city, and that it doesn't rest on the earth, but on a trident of one of their gods. They call it "The Gate of Heaven."

LIKE ST. PAUL

You will remember that St. Paul said that he was brought up "a Hebrew of the Hebrews," that he was of the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and we know that in his devotion to his religion he at first persecuted the Christians.

It was much the same with Nilakantha. He was brought up as a strict Brahmin, and was very devoted to his religion.

When he was twenty years old he first heard about the Lord Jesus coming to the world, but for a long time he quite refused to believe the Gospel story, and he wrote a book against it.

It was very hard for him to become a Christian. Years afterwards he gave some lectures to his own people, and told them that for a long time he had really firmly believed that the Brahmin faith was the right one. But suddenly the thought came to him that he must examine this new faith with an open mind, and when he did that he decided that Christianity was true and that he must be a Christian.

When at length he wanted to do so, all his own people, except his father, treated him with contempt, and because his father was so kind and good it made it even harder for Nilakantha to grieve him. Twice he left his home to be baptised, but went back because of his love for his father. He was baptised when he was twenty-three and given the name of Nehemiah.

Five years later his wife Lakhshmi also became a Christian. She died soon afterwards. Her little daughter Ellen was brought to England to be educated, and she is now a missionary at Allahabad.

A VISIT TO ENGLAND

In 1853 Nehemiah came to England with Prince Dhuleep Singh. He was much liked, and made many friends. When he went back to India he was welcomed by native Christians from all parts of the west of India. They found him just the same simple Indian gentleman, wearing his own native dress—not a bit spoilt by his visit to England. He said he did not care to wear English dress ; it offended the Hindoos, and made them think that if a man became a Christian he also became an Englishman. Besides, he said, a stiff collar was very uncomfortable !



Rev. N. Goreh preaching.

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HIS JOURNEY ACROSS INDIA

He travelled on foot (for there were no railways then) slowly across India, preaching at the places through which he passed. He visited all the mission colleges. He also talked to the chief Brahmins, and invited them to come and ask him any questions they chose about his faith.

When he went to Poona, the home of his ancestors, the people came in crowds to hear him. At the end of one lecture three young men became believers in Christ.

While he was there an Indian master carpenter noticed that the Christian boys who worked under him behaved so much better than the heathen boys.

He came to Mr. Goreh, and was taught for baptism. His wife did not like this, so she left him with her two children. Soon after this the carpenter was baptised, and his wife, seeing what a much better man he had become, returned to him, and she and her son were also baptised.

Their little daughter had been married, though she was still only a child, and her husband's people would not allow her to be taught. This made her parents very sad ; but before long her boy-husband died, and, according to Indian ideas, she was then of no use to any one. She came back to her parents, and she also became a Christian. Later

the grandparents learnt the truth about our Saviour, so that the whole family were able to worship together in the little church at Poona.

Pandita was another Brahmin widow, and to be a widow in India means living a very miserable life. She heard Father Goreh preach, and became a Christian. A Hindoo who heard about it said he was not surprised, because the religion that Jesus came to teach was so much happier than his own.

Now many ladies are working in India, and many poor little child-widows are being taught and brought up happily in the mission schools.

A COWLEY FATHER

In 1876 Padre Nehemiah, who had been at first a missionary of the C.M.S., became what we know as "a Cowley Father." He went to England to study at the Mission House at Cowley.

The life there was very hard for him, but he went through it as part of his spiritual training.


At a large missionary conference at Oxford he said that the natives of India would be more ready to listen to missionaries who went out to live lives of loneliness and poverty than those who went with their wives and families. It was through him that the Cowley Fathers began their work in India.

Father Goreh was greatly loved and respected

all over the north and west of India. His character was so saintly, so far above that of ordinary people, that no one ever said a word against him.

His death was a great loss to India ; but those who were with him rejoiced, for he had suffered a great deal for many months.

VII.—BISHOP GRAY, OF CAPE TOWN

OBERT GRAY was the son of the Bishop of Bristol who lived through the stormy times of the Reform Bill Riots. The future Bishop of Cape Town was then about twenty-two years old.

He had an unusual life as a boy. He was sent to Eton, but soon took the measles, and, when he was still weak after the illness, he was knocked down by the boys rushing out of school and so badly hurt that he had to leave Eton.

A VOYAGE TO THE WEST INDIES

During his long illness his sister Fanny nursed him. When he was sufficiently better to get about she became very ill with consumption, and it was thought that a sea voyage might do her good. So Robert and Augustus, a brother who was also delicate, went with her to the West Indies. They stayed at Worthing in Barbados, and there after two months Fanny Gray died. Her brother felt her death very much. He was not well himself,

and when his cough was bad he thought that he might soon follow her.

It is wonderful to think of all he did, seeing how delicate he really was. He always hoped to be a clergyman, and he read and loved devotional books. Africa had always interested him, and after he was ordained he worked for some years as deputation for the S.P.G. in Yorkshire and Lincolnshire. On St. Peter's day, 1847, he was consecrated Bishop of Cape Town.

THE CAPE IN HISTORY

The first discovery of the Cape was in 1486, and a few years later Vasco de Gama discovered Natal. For some years the Portuguese used to call at Table Bay for water and food on their way to and from India, until the Indian Viceroy was murdered there by Hottentots, after which they avoided it. After that South Africa became chiefly a Dutch colony, although Table Bay had been claimed as England's territory in the time of James I. In 1806 a battle was fought between the Dutch and the English. The latter won, and eight years afterwards they paid £6,000,000 to the Dutch, and the Cape was made over to Great Britain.

The first English Church Service that we know of was in 1749. But nothing was done with any method until Bishop Gray went out. A few years

before this the slaves had all been made free, and in his first sermon the bishop spoke of the duty of the Church to all races, whether white or black. He began at once to visit his huge diocese ; divided parishes, marked out new ones, and planned sites for new churches. He started a diocesan college in his own house.

On his way out, with Mrs. Gray and their four children, the ship stopped at Madeira, where they dined with the Dowager Queen Adelaide. the widow of William IV. The bishop was charmed with the lovely island, and in a letter he described their procession to the dinner party—each guest seated in a palanquin (a kind of Sedan chair), the bishop, wearing his episcopal breeches and buckles, on a rough pony, and a torch-bearer between each pair of them.

A MIXED POPULATION

The people in his diocese were whites, Malays, negroes, and Hottentots, and he had to provide for the spiritual needs of them all. It was an overwhelming work, and sometimes he longed for a little time to be quiet with his wife and children, for he loved his home.

Much of his time was spent travelling, and he says that when they camped at nights they used to take out their weary horses and let them find

what they could to eat. He had a small tent to sleep in, but his bed was the sand of the veldt. He wrote : " The life I am now leading makes a man feel he is a wayfarer, a stranger and pilgrim, and that this is not his rest."

On a visit to St. Helena he saw a captured slave ship, and the terrible state of the slaves made him long to begin a native Christian Church. He asked specially for men to go out to teach the Kaffirs, living in their tents and eating their food until they won their confidence.

The bishop wrote most beautiful letters to his son, who was at school in England. In one he says : " Ask yourself when others (especially other boys) ask you to do things, whether God would have you do them."

Bishop Gray died when he was sixty-three, worn out by never-ending toil, and one of the sisters of St. George's Home describes the wonderful sight at his funeral ; the beautiful mountains and all the country wrapped in snow which sparkled in the sun, and the multitudes of people of every colour, age, sex, and rank who went to pay respect to him who had won their love by his great love for them.

VIII.—BISHOP HANNINGTON, OF UGANDA

BISHOP HANNINGTON was born at Hurstpierpoint in Sussex, one of the prettiest counties in England, with soft green hills and valleys and running streams. He had such a bright merry disposition, and was up to so many pranks, that he was called by his friends "Mad Jim." I think this gaiety was given him by God for the special work he had to do when he became a man. He went to school at Brighton, and afterwards into business, but he was not suited for that sort of life. He himself said that he learnt a great deal during those years, but no business !

CONSECRATION TO GOD

In 1874 he was ordained, and worked in a parish in Devonshire ; but, although he had then given all his heart and dedicated his life to God, that did not seem enough, and in 1882 he made up his mind to go abroad as a missionary.

Think what that meant ! He had a wife and three children, and he left them all because he



A critical moment.

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couldn't take them to the rough and unknown country to which he was going. He started for Uganda in East Africa, a country full of most savage tribes, where his life was in constant danger, and not only from the natives. He tells many stories of escapes from puff-adders, which he very nearly stepped upon in the swamps he had to cross.

Once he was aroused at daybreak by a shrill war-cry, which was followed by the approach of a large body of armed men, who sprang from the bushes and bore down on Hannington and his party. The least false move might have led to a massacre, but picking up a branch, and waving it as a signal of peace, Hannington ran towards the new-comers and explained matters to them.

WILD BEASTS AND CURIOUS NATIVES

Once he shot a lion cub, and was horrified to see the lion and lioness coming after him to avenge the death of the cub. He ran for some distance, and then finding that they were gaining on him, he turned round, threw up his arms, and shouted and yelled as loudly as he could, which so frightened the lions that they ran away into the bush. This will show you how brave he was.

In some of his letters he told very amusing stories of the natives. They couldn't understand why he wore so many clothes when they only had

a piece of calico round their bodies, and they thought his boots grew on his feet. They used to crowd round him very often and pull his hair and beard to see if they would come off, and when they saw his watch they said : “ There’s a man in it, and he says, ‘ Ti-ick, Ti-ick, Ti-ick ! ’ ”

One day, when running after a new kind of butterfly, he came across a rhinoceros, and turned back to pick up his gun, and lo ! when he turned to shoot there was nothing to be seen but a palm tree. Of course, the rhino was cleverly trying to hide itself, and Hannington’s native boy was as much taken in as he was, and quite as surprised when the rhino stood up again. Its rough hide would look very much like the bark of a tree. Other animals and insects in Africa have this same power ; for instance, a crocodile on a river bank can look so much like a fallen tree that people have sometimes stepped on them and been very sorry afterwards ! There are also insects that can make themselves look like leaves and sticks when they want to hide. Perhaps you have seen some of these in museums or collections.

Another night he was sleeping under an umbrella a little distance from a river, and woke up suddenly to find a hippopotamus looking at him, which must have been a startling experience ! One lady who travelled in Africa said that a hippopotamus

crashing through a village could only be compared to "a furniture van in hysterics."

COURAGE IN SICKNESS

He often travelled when very ill with fever and had to be carried in a hammock, which is not so nice as it sounds, as his bearers sometimes slipped and dropped him on the ground. But he was always happy, and the natives said : " Master must die, but how is it master is so cheerful and happy ? Black man would lie down and die like a sheep." We know why he was happy—he was doing the work God had given him to do. To do that is always the best sort of happiness, even though sometimes it is not the work that we should have chosen for ourselves.

At last he was so ill that he had to come back to England, but as soon as he was well he started again for Africa, but before he went he was made bishop. He left Mombasa for the inland country of Uganda, but he had only reached its borders when he was murdered by order of the king.

I think he knew when he went that he would never come back and see his wife and children again, for he wrote these lines about them :—

" Could I only once more clasp them,
I would surely never leave them,
Would never say ' Good-bye.' "


HERALDS OF THE CROSS

But other thoughts come o'er me,
Thoughts of the weary slave,
Of the souls in heathen darkness,
Whom Jesus came to save.
I know that to me He whispered,
'Leave friends in My embrace,
And depart and tell these heathen,
Of My death and saving grace.' "

We must also remember when we think of Bishop Hannington, and others like him, that their wives and children gave them up to their work as much as they gave up their wives and children, and that is sometimes quite as hard ; but God asks for that sacrifice from some people, and they also deserve to be called " Heralds of the Cross."

The bishop died before he seemed to have done very much, but his life and example of courage and patience, and above all his death, were the beginning of a great work, and now Uganda contains thousands of natives who confess Christ crucified, and not only *say* they *will* fight under His banner, but many *have* fought even to death rather than return to their heathen life, and Uganda numbers many who in Paradise wear the martyr's crown.

IX.—GEORGE HUTCHINSON, OF LUCKNOW

EORGE HUTCHINSON'S life was full of stirring events. It began in an unusual way. He was born on a ship. Before they got home his mother died. When he was sixteen he went to learn engineering, and afterwards served as an engineer in the East India Company's service. Very soon after he got to India the Mutiny broke out, and he felt sure that it would spread and become far worse than some people expected ; he proved to be too sadly right.

He was a splendid soldier, and his duties were very heavy. Still, he found time to teach those amongst whom he lived about his Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, and so he really was a " Herald of the Cross."

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW

We read about this siege in our English history, and it all seems a long time ago. But there are many people still living who remember it quite well.

Lieutenant Hutchinson was at Lucknow during

the siege, and the safety of the city depended a great deal upon him.

Imagine the city shut up within its fortifications; in it all the Europeans who had been brought there for safety and a little handful of faithful natives. Outside, swarms and swarms of rebels whose one aim and wish was to kill every white man, woman, and child.

They tried to get into the city by digging underneath the walls, and Mr. Hutchinson used to dig on his side to find out where they were, and then set his men to fill up and make the ground solid. Often he heard the pickaxes, and could even catch scraps of conversation. Just think of being right underground in the dark and knowing that within a few feet were enemies longing to cut you to pieces !

At Lucknow there was an old palace called Alum Bagh, which had a little fort. It seemed to be a place which they could defend.

Lieutenant Hutchinson dug entrenchments, and was very clever in taking advantage of every natural feature of the country.

One day he noticed that a lake was beginning to dry up, and would be quite dry after the hot weather began. So he got some elephants and marched them up and down in the water. This seemed a funny thing to do, and no one knew at first why he did it. I wonder if any of you can

guess? Elephants are heavy, and their feet sank in the soft mud about two feet. So when the water had gone, and the mud had baked hard under the hot Indian sun, you can imagine that these holes made it anything but easy to cross, and this helped very much to keep back the rebels.

HELPING THE MISSIONARIES

After the Mutiny was over, Mr. Hutchinson and his friends were very anxious that some missionary work should be done at Lucknow, so they invited a missionary to go there. Naturally the town was very unsettled, and it needed a brave man to venture.

The first day that there was preaching in the streets, Mr. Hutchinson was there, where everyone could see him, and he went armed, so that if the natives had turned on the clergyman he would have been able to protect him. But all went well, and there were crowds of people who listened quietly.

In 1861 Mr. Hutchinson was made Inspector-General of the Police. He had to plan the work and arrange who was to do it all. In this way the safety of a great deal of India depended upon him.

One part of his work was the care of the native prisoners. He arranged that they should be well fed and clothed and given work to do which could be sold. He wanted to teach them that Christians really cared for them.

When you remember how the Indian Prince, Tippoo Tib, treated *his* prisoners, you will see that they could not help noticing how differently the Christians treated theirs.

A SAD ACCIDENT

Sometimes one minute will alter a whole life. In 1864 Major Hutchinson had married. Soon after he and his wife had got to Calcutta, they were crossing the Hooghly, when Mrs. Hutchinson's foot slipped on the planks. If her husband had not grasped her wrist, and just managed to save her, she would have been drowned as Bishop Cotton was a few years later. She was wet through, and had to travel in her wet clothes, and never recovered from this, though she lived for thirty-four years.


For his wife's sake the Major retired from active service and settled in England.

But he was always a missionary at heart. When he was offered the post of lay secretary to the Church Missionary Society he undertook the work, though both for him and his wife it meant a great deal of self-sacrifice. He had to leave her alone all day, unable as she was to read or write much, or to have many friends to see her. But they both believed that it was the work which God had given him to do.

When he gave it up after eight years, he worked for the Bible Society. This did not take up so much of his time, but he was a great help in all its Indian work.

After his death his sister said, " He never said an unkind thing of any one, but he always seemed to see the good points in all with whom he came in contact."

X.—THE REV. CHARLES ISENBURG, OF ABYSSINIA

EARLY one hundred years ago, at Barmen, in Germany, a little boy of nine years old lay very ill. No one thought he would ever get well again.

To amuse him his father sent to Basle for books, and in these books he read a great deal about missionary work, and made up his mind that if he got well he would become a missionary.

It seemed very unlikely, but he did get well, and when he was twenty-four he went to England and was ordained.

It was at first intended that he should go to Malta, but just then Mr. Gobat was left alone at his noble work in Abyssinia, so Charles Isenberg was sent out to help him.

You will find Abyssinia just below Egypt on the map of Africa. He was told to wait at Cairo for Mr. Gobat to join him, and while there he studied Arabic and Amharic, the languages spoken by the Abyssinians.

THE LAW OF CHRIST

He was asked to take care of two Abyssinian boys who had been brought there as slaves. He taught them about the Lord Jesus Christ and how He had come to earth to teach a religion of love.

He did not know how much of this they understood until one day in the street they met the man who had sold them into slavery. He was no longer rich, but poor and very ill. These boys might have punished him, but they remembered Him Who went about doing good and Who prayed for His murderers ; so for a whole year they kept the man and took care of him, and he died a Christian.

After this Mr. Isenberg and his pupils went to Jerusalem, because he was told that it would help him in his work in Abyssinia if he had been to the Holy Land.

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF CHRISTIANITY

Now I want you to go back a great many years. Between three hundred and four hundred years after Christ was born, two Christian brothers were taken as prisoners to the King of Abyssinia. Their story is rather like that of Joseph in Egypt, for the King took a fancy to them, and made one his treasurer, and the other his cupbearer.

Before the King died he offered them their liberty, but the queen-mother begged them to stay and teach her son, the future King. This they did, and they also taught the people.

At that time the great Athanasius was Bishop of Alexandria. One of these brothers, Frumentius, went to him and asked him to send a bishop to Abyssinia. Instead of sending a stranger, Athanasius made Frumentius himself a bishop, and sent him back to work amongst the people who had learnt to love and trust him.

Ever since those early days the people of Abyssinia have been Christians ; but as time went on their religion became mixed with Jewish ceremonies and heathen superstitions, and that is why the Church Missionary Society was anxious to send some one to teach them a purer, better faith.

There were two Christian duties which they had never forgotten—hospitality to strangers, and kindness to the poor.

THREE YEARS' WORK

For three years the missionaries who were sent by the Church Missionary Society worked in Abyssinia and won the love and respect of many ; but the native priests became jealous, and at the end of that time the missionaries were obliged to

leave, hoping that some of the good seed they had sown would in time bear fruit.

WORK AT SHOA

Mr. Isenberg went next to Cairo, and afterwards to the country of Shoa, which is south of Abyssinia.

He suffered great hardships, he had very little money, and it was difficult to get about without it. The sun was scorchingly hot, and water was scarce. He had to ride on camels through the great heat, sometimes surrounded by wild beasts, sometimes by robbers.

The King of Shoa was pleased to see him, and allowed him and his companion, Dr. Krapf, to work in his country ; not because he cared for religion, but because he wanted his people to be taught trades. He also found that Mr. Isenberg could doctor them when they were ill.

After a few months Mr. Isenberg was sent for to England, but he left Dr. Krapf to carry on the work in Abyssinia.

On his way home Mr. Isenberg met his wife and daughter, whom he had not seen for years. These long partings often make a missionary's life very hard, but they bear it for the sake of the heathen, who would otherwise never hear of the Lord Jesus.

Later, he tried to go back and work in Shoa, but was not allowed.

The picture shows how the people in Abyssinia are summoned to church. They have not bells, as we have, but beat drums, which hang from a piece of wood fixed to two poles in the ground.

WORK IN INDIA

The remainder of his missionary work was done in Bombay and Sharanpur.

At the latter place Mr. and Mrs. Isenberg had an orphanage and fifty-one children to care for. Some of these children were quite uncivilised, and occasionally they quarrelled and even fought, and sometimes tried to run away.

To these Indian children were added twenty-nine African boys who had been kidnapped from their homes. He was very careful that these African boys should remember their own language, because they would then be able to go back home to teach their own people, and though he did not live long enough to know it, some boys who had been taught in the school at Sharanpur went back to East Africa and helped in the wonderful mission which has done such a great work there.

XI.—ALBERT MACLAREN, OF NEW GUINEA

IN 1833 a black clergyman visiting the Isle of Wight kissed a baby in long clothes whom he saw there, saying, "If he lives he will become a great missionary." This baby was Albert Maclaren.

A "PICKLE"

As a child he cared for the poor and suffering, and took flowers to sick people. But you mustn't think he was a prig. Full of fun, he was greatly loved by his brothers and sisters, and at school was called "a troublesome pickle."

When fourteen years old he went into an office, and it was not until he was twenty-two that he began to prepare for his missionary life at St. Augustine's College, Canterbury. He is still remembered in Canterbury for his work among the poor. He spent his holidays at St. Peter's, London Docks, working under Father Lowder. He wanted to join the Universities' Mission to Central

Africa, but his health was not good enough for that trying climate, so he went to Australia instead.

BUILDING GOD'S HOUSE

At first he had charge of the parish of Mackay, in North Queensland. Just before he got there the church had been blown down, and the services were held in a hall. He told the people that this was not right. They had good houses, and God's house ought to be their first care. He collected £1700, and built a new church, and a rectory which he used as a home for the sick when they needed change of air.

In his parish a great many South Sea Islanders worked on the sugar plantations. He found them kind, faithful, and generous. He was anxious to build them a church, and one of them brought him £1, saying, "Missionary, you give this to new church."

MACLAREN AND THE THIEF

He had great influence on all who knew him, not because he was specially clever, but because of his real goodness which they could not help feeling. One day his watch was stolen, but when the thief found whose it was he brought it back



Rev. A. Maclaren and some of his converts.

at once. He wouldn't steal from the man who was so loved and respected.

Once at a rough mining camp he started a free and easy "sing-song" on the Saturday night, which the miners much enjoyed. Then he said, "I shall hold a service to-morrow; I hope you will all come." They did, and one said afterwards, "He's the right sort of parson."

After five years he left Mackay for West Maitland, where he stayed three years, and there also he was deeply loved. In 1887 he came to England, and studied at Durham University, working at St. Peter's in his holidays.

THE BIGGEST ISLAND IN THE WORLD

He then started for New Guinea, the biggest Island in the world, if you call Australia a continent. He visited Cornwallis Island, where he found a native teacher and a small church. They had no money there, and paid for food with tobacco. He also visited the leper settlement on Dayman Island. The poor lepers were so pleased to see him, and begged for books or papers.

The people of New Guinea are called Papuans. They were absolutely savage, and some of them were cannibals. Their houses were of bamboo with thatched roofs, much like the thatching you may see in England. Instead of shaking hands

they rubbed noses, and Mr. Maclaren had to do that to show he was friendly.

They lived in fear of evil spirits, and believed in the life of the soul after death. They were, as a rule, happy and contented. Their island was very fertile and food plentiful. Thus they were difficult to teach, for they didn't seem to wish for anything better than they had.

They liked Mr. Maclaren, and listened to him, and were much amused at his spectacles and umbrella. One chief had a pet cat called Putty, and was delighted when Mr. Maclaren called it Pussy. The chief couldn't pronounce an "s," so it sounded almost the same to him.

AMAU ALABERTA

The Papuans called Mr. Maclaren "Amau Alaberta" (Father Albert), and indeed they needed a "father," for they were quite children in simplicity and ignorance.

He preached in many places, and the constant travelling over swamps where fever lurked, and by steamer—which always made him very ill—wore out his strength. He couldn't take quinine, which is so good for fever, and on December 27th, 1901, he died on the *Merrie England*, though all was done for him that could be. His work in New Guinea seemed scarcely begun.

This may look like failure, but it is not so really. His great faith and whole-hearted devotion inspired others. Mr. King took up his work where he laid it down, and since then it has steadily grown, and now there is a bishop and a staff of clergy in New Guinea, and amongst the saints in Paradise there are now Papuans who, with their loved "Amau Alaberta," bless and praise their Saviour's name.

XII.—ALEXANDER MACKAY, OF UGANDA

IT takes all sorts to make a world, and it certainly takes all sorts to supply the mission field. Alexander Mackay was, above all things, a practical man. His father was a Scotch minister, and both he and Alexander's mother hoped that their son would become one also. But he very early showed that he liked to employ his hands as well as his mind. His spare time was spent in learning carpentry, saddlery, and blacksmith's work.

HIS MOTHER'S LAST MESSAGE

His mother died when he was away at college, and her last message to him was, "Search the Scriptures." He never forgot that.

He decided to be an engineer, and studied for that chiefly at Berlin. There he lived in the family of Herr Baur, one of the cathedral clergy. Herr Baur was much interested in missions. He was translating the life of Bishop Patteson into

German. This was a great help and joy to Mackay, who had begun to think of becoming a missionary himself. An entry in his diary at this time is interesting—"May 4th, 1874 : This day last year Livingstone died. 'Go thou and do likewise.' " It was a presentiment of the life before him.

AN ENGINEERING MISSIONARY

About this time his sister heard how much medical missionaries were wanted. Alexander was not a doctor. His talents were not in that direction ; but he determined to offer himself as an engineering missionary. Perhaps you think this sounds strange ; but, as I said before, all sorts of people are needed, and if any of you think that God means you to be a missionary find out first what special talent you have, and then see how that can be used in the mission field. You need not be a clergyman or a teacher, if that is not your gift, and yet you may be a missionary.

Alexander Mackay saw that a great thing needed to help the clergy just then was the opening out of the country, by making good roads where there was nothing but forest and marsh.

One day he read Stanley's letter about Uganda, saying how the chief, Mtesa, wanted missionaries to go to his people, and he at once gave up his work and prepared to go.

UGANDA

A small party of clergymen and laymen met at Salisbury Square in London to receive instructions before starting. Alexander was the youngest, and was called up last. He startled them all by saying, "Before six months are past one, at least, of this little band will be dead. It is not likely that eight Englishmen can all live through so many perils as long as that." But he added, "Do not be cast down, but send some one else to fill the place."

Alas! this fear was fulfilled, though Mackay himself was spared to work in Africa for fourteen years.

They reached the island of Zanzibar safely, and then spent some time trying to find a way into the interior of the mainland by river.

On the mainland Mackay came across caravans of slaves on their way to the slave market at Zanzibar, and he must have seen many sad sights. Only one in every ten of these poor people, who were dragged by force from their homes in the centre of Africa, ever reached the coast. Most of them died of exhaustion and cruelty on the way, and in those days travellers could trace the slave routes by their bleaching bones.

In the picture you can see Mackay trying to

persuade some slave-traders to release their poor slaves.

Mackay made a good road on the direct line from the coast to Lake Tanganyika, and two years after he arrived in Africa he first saw the great lake, Victoria Nyanza. There sad news met him; two of the little party had been murdered. An Arab had treated the natives badly, and then fled to the missionaries for protection. Of course, being Christians, they could not give him up to be killed; so they protected him, and were all killed together.

A LONELY LIFE

There Mackay was, alone in a strange, wild country, and often ill. But in spite of everything he kept up his courage. He went in the *Daisy* across the lake to Uganda, and found King Mtesa already anxious to learn himself and that his people should learn. Mackay wrote home very hopefully.

Of course, there were many great giants to fight. There was the great giant Cruelty. It was nothing out of the common for Mtesa to order hundreds of his people to be killed in one day.

There was the giant Polygamy. That means that men there had more than one wife. We Christians know that that is wrong, but it is difficult to persuade the heathen to give it up.

Then there was the giant Witchcraft. It is not too much to say that the heathen African lives in constant fear of evil spirits and the witch-doctors. Think how terrible that is !

Mackay soon found that Mtesa was not really in earnest, but only wanted to get all he could. So he told him, straight out, that he was only playing with religion, and begged him to think seriously ; but all in vain. Mtesa died a heathen.

PERSECUTION

Then came a terrible time. Mwanga was now king, and he started the fearful persecution in which hundreds died rather than deny their faith, and amongst them many young children.

Poor Mr. Mackay wrote home, " Our hearts are breaking." Still the work went on. The people were eager to listen to the Gospel story of how Christ brought peace to a world which had been for them filled with war and bloodshed. Then came the shocking murder of Bishop Hannington, which you have read of.

Mwanga's cruelty brought its own punishment, his people turned against him, and burnt his palace. He fled for protection to the Christians whom he had persecuted. Doesn't that teach us that even the hardest hearts can be taught something by a good example ?

Soon after this Mr. Mackay died very suddenly, worn out by his ceaseless work. His last letter reached England after the news of his death had come by cable. He had been urged to come home, but he wrote saying he couldn't leave his poor black people at such a time, and he remained "faithful unto death."

XIII.—BISHOP MACKENZIE, OF CENTRAL AFRICA



UNTIL he was twenty-eight years old, Charles Frederick Mackenzie had no idea of being a missionary.

A GREAT SACRIFICE

He was a scholar and a second wrangler at Cambridge. He afterwards settled down there as a tutor and a fellow of his college, and if he had remained would no doubt have won a very high position in the University.

While he was an undergraduate he had done what he could to help in all good work. He used to visit a hospital, and he himself tells of his feeling when he first had to take a service there. He said he felt that he was doing it very badly, but that he "was not standing in any one's way," for if he had not done it no one else would.

I want you to think about those words. They were the keynote of his life. His great wish was always to do what others left undone.

When Bishop Selwyn came from New Zealand Charles Mackenzie heard him preach at Cambridge about "The work of Christ in the world."

Soon afterwards Mackenzie was asked to go to Natal, and though many of his friends tried to persuade him not to go, saying that his work with the young men at Cambridge was so important, he felt sure God meant him to go. Others could do his work at Cambridge.

"I hear a voice ye cannot hear
Which bids me not to stay ;
I see a hand ye cannot see
Which beckons me away."

He went out with two of his sisters, and they wrote home that Charles was the sunshine of the whole party on board. He worked first at Natal, and afterwards at Umhlali, amongst soldiers and the Kaffirs.

THE CALL TO PIONEER WORK

After two years he came back to England. During the time that he was in Natal, Dr. Livingstone had come back from Africa, and had a great meeting at Cambridge. As he finished speaking he had said :—

"I go back to Africa to try and make an open path for Commerce and Christianity. Do you carry on the work I have begun. *I leave it with you.*"

Bishop Gray, of Cape Town, was most anxious for work to be begun in the centre of Africa. A second great meeting was held at Cambridge, and Charles Mackenzie was listening to the speeches from the gallery.

Soon afterwards he was asked to go out to be the first bishop to the tribes around Lake Nyasa.

A BEGINNING

He went first to Cape Town to be consecrated ; and then, with one priest and four laymen, he started for the lake.

They had to take a ship round the coast to the mouth of the Zambesi, then go in a river steamer to where the Shiré meets the Zambesi. There they met Livingstone, who went on with them.

When they reached a place called Chibisa's they had to walk. All carried loads. The bishop wrote, " In my left hand I carry a gun, in my right my crozier, in front is slung a can of oil, and on my back a bag of seeds ! "

Magomero is sixty miles nearer the lake, and they decided to start a mission there. It was a great centre of the slave trade, and the mission party saw many sad sights, and, more than once, rescued a party of slaves.

One day the bishop found a little black boy ill,

and left to die. He carried him home, nursed him, and kept him in his own bed all night. He died the next morning, but the bishop had baptised him, so he went to his Heavenly Father a little Christian.

ANN DAOMA

A warlike tribe was constantly fighting against the Magomero people, and after one of their fights the bishop found a little girl who had been deserted. He carried her home on his shoulder.

After his death she was sent to Cape Town. She grew up a good and gentle girl, and is now mistress of a mission school, and lives at the orphanage at Cape Town, the only home she has ever known.

In gratitude for what the bishop had done for her she sent £5 out of her small savings for the Mackenzie Memorial Church in 1902.

Think what would have happened if the bishop had not found her ! She would either have died of starvation or been eaten by the wild beasts which prowl about at night.

THE LITTLE IRON CROSS

In a very short time the good bishop's work in Central Africa was finished, and God called him home.

On their way to meet Miss Mackenzie and Mrs. Burrup, the bishop and Mr. Burrup lost their boat, with all their clothing, bedding, and medicine. Then fever attacked them, and when the ladies arrived it was only to visit two graves. From his lonely grave in the middle of the jungle the bishop speaks still. All the missionaries going up to Lake Nyasa visit the spot, where for many years a cross, raised above the trees on a telegraph-pole, could be seen from the steamers going up the river. It marked the place where Bishop Mackenzie was laid to rest.



A house-boat on the Zambesi.


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The hut in which Mackenzie died.

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XIV.—HARIETTE MCDOUGALL, OF BORNEO

 HE history of the Rajah of Borneo is very romantic. A Mr. Brooke went out to the East in his own yacht. On the island of Borneo he helped the Sultan to stop an insurrection, was given a large tract of land, and became a rajah or governor.

AN ENGLISHMAN AS RAJAH

He had three different kinds of people to govern—Malays, Chinese, and Dyaks. The Dyaks were the original inhabitants of the island. They were a fine race. The Rajah wished them to be Christians, and asked Mr. McDougall to go out as a missionary to them. Mrs. McDougall was as anxious to go as her husband was, though it meant that she had to leave her eldest boy Charlie at home. Baby Harry went out with them.

It was a trying voyage, lasting six months. Poor Mrs. McDougall was very sea-sick, but showed what a brave woman she was by caring for the other passengers and looking after a little baby

who was born on the ship. The *Mary Louisa*, on which they went, was a sailing vessel, and in the hottest part of the voyage the wind went down and they had to wait as patiently as they could. Water was scarce, so they only had a small allowance every day.

A place called Kuching was their home for twenty years. Soon after she got there Mrs. McDougall began to work among the people, visiting them and speaking to them in the "Bazaar," which is the Eastern name for a street of shops. She gathered some children together and taught them while their mothers looked on.

ADAM, THE COBRA

When Mr. McDougall began to build a mission house, he found that there were a great many cobras there, and in laying the floor the men disturbed a huge one ten feet long, who was called by the natives "The Adam of all the Cobras." This one he killed with a stick. Another day he found another, which they called "Eve," curled up in his armchair, and as he had no stick he killed it with a book he had been reading, which had in it a sermon on St. Paul and the viper. Wasn't that funny?

SORROW AND WORK

Mrs. McDougall's first great sorrow was when little Harry died at Singapore, where they had all gone to recover from fever. After they got back to Kuching, parcels came from England with presents for Harry. His poor mother unpacked them alone because she did not want to sadden his father. She said she felt that her boy was close to her as she read on the parcels, "For dear Harry."

They sadly needed more workers. Mr. McDougall visited the different tribes, and when they came to Kuching to pay their taxes Mrs. McDougall used to receive them at the mission house, play for them on the harmonium, and show them a magic lantern. They begged for things like cups and saucers, and would say, "You have more than you can possibly use."

Throughout the twenty years the McDougalls went home twice only. During their first holiday Charlie died. It was very sad ; yet they felt that their boy had been spared the pain of parting when the time came for them to go back to their work.

After his return Mr. McDougall was consecrated bishop at Calcutta, and was away for four months.

During that time Mrs. McDougall had all sorts of adventures. One missionary went mad with sunstroke, and a lady tried to kill herself, but happily did not succeed.


TRIALS AND PARTINGS

Then came the terrible time of the Chinese rebellion, when the missionaries had to fly for their lives. All this time Mrs. McDougall showed a quiet, calm courage, as well as good sense. She tells a funny story of a lady who was with them and who said, when they had to leave their home hastily by night, "Let me go and get your clothes together." She came back with a pair of corsets and a black silk apron !

After peace was restored the McDougalls went home again. When they returned to Kuching they left two children, Edith and Herbert, in England, but took baby Mildred with them. The poor mother felt this parting terribly, as all her letters show, but bore it patiently for six years, going on with her work until the bishop's health was so bad that they had to come home for good.

For nearly twenty years longer they worked in England. Mrs. McDougall was so sympathetic that many came to her for help and advice. They died within six months of each other. On the tablet to her memory in Winchester Cathedral are these words, chosen by the bishop : "She first taught Christ to the women of Borneo."

XV.—THE REV. SAMUEL MARSDEN, OF NEW ZEALAND

 MORE than a hundred and fifty years ago Samuel Marsden was born in a little Yorkshire village. His father was the village blacksmith.

After going to school at Hull and to the University at Cambridge Samuel was ordained. When twenty-nine years old he was offered the post of chaplain to a convict settlement in New South Wales.

FROM THE PULPIT TO THE SHIP

In those days there were only sailing ships, and they were not very frequent or very regular. If people wanted to go by them they had to get all ready and then wait patiently till the vessel started. Mr. Marsden didn't want to waste his time, so he went on working as usual.

One Sunday as he was preaching he heard guns fired, and knew it was the signal that the vessel was going to start. He came down from

the pulpit, gave his arm to his wife, and they walked to the ship, nearly all the congregation following to see them off. It was a long voyage—nine months—and for safety, because England was then at war, they had a warship with them.

When he reached Australia, though his work was mostly amongst white people, he also came across a good many of the Maoris, the natives of New Zealand. He learned their language and won their love very quickly. They were heathen, cannibals, and very cruel.

On one occasion the son of a chief died, and a slave was chosen to be killed so that their spirits should go together on the journey in the Spirit World. You will see by this that they believed in a life after death. Mr. Marsden heard of it, and hid the slave until he had persuaded the chief not to do such a wicked deed.

WORK AMONG THE MAORIS

After some years Mr. Marsden went to England, and begged for missionaries to work among the Maoris. Two laymen offered to go, but he could not get leave to go himself.

On his way back to Australia he found a poor Maori sailor, named Tuatara, on board, very ill, and very miserable. Mr. Marsden took him home, nursed him well again, and taught him. He



Maori Idol Carvers.

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became a Christian, and presently Mr. Marsden sent him back to New Zealand to teach his own people.

The Maoris were most interested in all that had happened to Tuatara. He showed them a bag of corn, and told them he was going to put the seed into the ground to grow, but they laughed at him and did not believe that it would grow. He sowed it, and when it had grown he reaped it. Still they laughed till he had ground it to flour and baked some little cakes in a frying-pan. When they had tasted them they were so delighted that they danced for joy.

A STRANGE ANIMAL

Tuatara then told his people about an enormous animal on which a man could ride. This interested them very much, as they had never seen such an animal. At last Mr. Marsden got leave to go to New Zealand. He landed on the North Island, and when the Maoris saw him mount *a horse* and ride amongst them, they believed every word that Tuatara had told them, and were quite ready to listen to what the missionaries had come to teach them.

The first service was held on Christmas Day, 1814. The text of the sermon was : " Behold I bring good tidings."

There were many tribes among the Maoris,

and they often fought. Mr. Marsden used to make peace between them. Presently churches and schools were built in different places.

A PEACEMAKER

One day, on the shore of a bay on the North Island, the church bells were ringing and the people gathering for service, when suddenly fearful sounds were heard at the other side of the bay. Howls and yells filled the air, and the water was studded with canoes laden with fighting men. Mr. Marsden did not hesitate ; he jumped into his boat and sailed right amongst them. He made them hold a council, and at the end of it the great chief took a stick and broke it to show that his anger was broken.

Mr. Marsden said that the time would come when there would be no human sacrifice or cannibalism in New Zealand, and, thank God, that has come true.

When he was more than seventy years old Mr. Marsden went round to visit all his friends in New Zealand, and on this journey he had to be carried in a hammock because he was so feeble.

He welcomed Bishop Broughton when he came to Sydney, and soon after took cold and passed away to be with the Saviour whom he had served so well on earth.

XVI.—HENRY MARTYN, OF INDIA AND PERSIA

IN 1781 the town of Truro in Cornwall was not as well known as it is now that its ancient Bishopric has been restored and its beautiful new Cathedral built, but it was there that Henry Martyn began his life. He was educated in the Grammar School. His parents were miners, and quite humble people.

WORK IN INDIA

Henry was a very clever boy and very industrious. At Cambridge, where he went afterwards, he was called "the student who never lost an hour," and he was Senior Wrangler of his year. He was ordained to work with the Rev. Charles Simeon, who had been his friend and helped him a great deal. Soon afterwards he began to feel that it was his duty to go abroad as a missionary, but for some time there seemed to be always difficulties in the way.

At length he was offered a post as Army chaplain, which he accepted, and went to India.

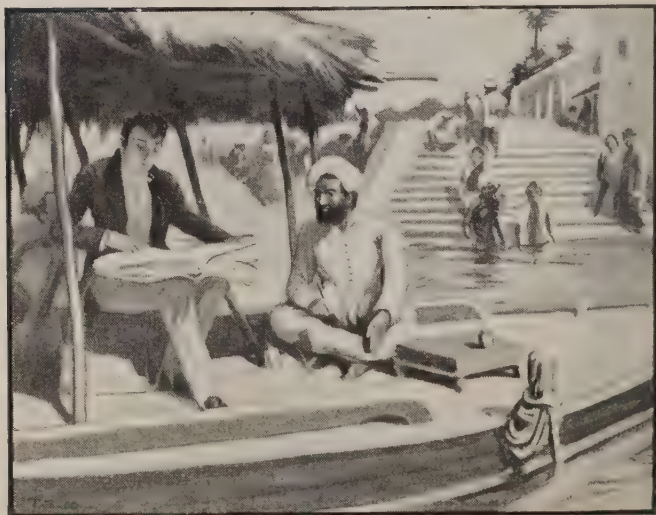
In those days India was governed by the East India Company, and Martyn worked amongst the civil servants as well as amongst the soldiers. He also drew the natives round him as well as he could to try to teach them about the Lord Jesus. To do this he had to learn their language, and his special talents helped him to do so quickly. He translated the Prayer Book and the Parables of our Lord in a few weeks.

All this time he was constantly laughed at, made fun of, and opposed, and in every way his life was made hard for him. Though he lived a life of such wonderful devotion and self-denial, it did not seem to make people respect him. Once he got up early, before it was light, and preached in the hospital, and he says: "At the end of my preaching I went away amidst the sneers and laughter of the common soldiers." At another time he was hit in the streets by a stone as large as his fist. But he rejoiced to suffer for the sake of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

He worked on for six years, learning Hindustani, which is the language spoken by high-caste Indians, so that he could teach them and translate the New Testament. This work was a great pleasure to him, and the time spent over it was probably the happiest time of his life.



Henry Martyn.



Henry Martyn translating the Scriptures.

A MOHAMMEDAN CONVERT

He used to try, also, to show the Mohammedans how much purer and better Christianity was than their faith. He baptised one by the name of "Abdul Masih," which means "Servant of Christ." It is interesting to know that, some years after Martyn's death, this man became the first native clergyman of the Church of England in India.

Martyn was not a strong man at any time ; the climate tried him, and after a five months' journey to Persia he had a bad illness.

THE BIBLE IN PERSIA

Still he struggled on, and began to translate the Bible into the Persian language. After spending one year in Persia he left, but, before going, presented a copy of the Bible to the Shah. He died at Tocal, in Armenia, on his way to Constantinople.

Except his great translating work he does not seem to have done much, and his life looks almost like a useless sacrifice, but if we look deeper we shall see it is not really so. We cannot always judge by what we see at the first glance.

Henry Martyn was an example of a very saintly life in a very careless age. While he lived he was not thought much of, but since his death no one in modern times has had such honour paid to their

memory, not even men like Patteson and Livingstone.

In Truro Cathedral once a year a special service is held, and the congregation gather there to remember him before the altar and to try to learn something from his life, while at Cambridge a large public hall is named after him.

AN HONOURED NAME

Why are these very special honours shown to his name? I think it is because his life was so wonderfully like Christ. It is often very much harder to *live* up to the faith we profess than it would be to *die* for it, and it certainly was in his case.

How did he show his likeness to Christ?

- (1) By his devotion to God's will.
- (2) By his self-sacrifice for the service of man.
- (3) By his contempt of persecution.

His life was like that of the great St. Francis of Assisi, entirely without any thought of self, and it shows us that it is as possible to live such a life now as it was then, and therefore surely he did not live in vain. He was only thirty-two when he died, but "God measures life by love," and in that way his life was a long one.

XVII.—ARCHDEACON MAUNDRELL, OF JAPAN

FOR more than two hundred years, between 1637 and 1853, no foreigner was allowed to enter Japan. It was looked upon as a country of mystery. The Mikado was never seen, even by his own people. The Americans were the first to get into the country ; and, soon after, Lord Elgin forced the Japanese to make a treaty with England. This opened the way for the American missionaries.

NATIVE MARTYRS

This was not the first time that the Japanese had heard the Gospel story. About the time of James I., St. Francis Xavier, a Roman Catholic monk, went there from India. He and his followers made thousands of converts, and for more than one hundred years Christianity was preached and believed.

Then came quarrels with misunderstanding. The heathen rose up against the Christians, and thousands died for their faith. The country was then strictly shut up, and Christianity forbidden.

But it never quite died out, for in 1860 a little band was found at Nagasaki, who still worshipped God in secret, and believed in Jesus as their Saviour.

THE OPENING UP OF THE EAST

The Japanese are sensible and practical, and very quick to learn. As soon as their country was again open to foreigners, they saw how narrow their own lives were, and how much they were behind other countries. They quickly learnt the civilisation of Western nations ; but the fear was that they might learn that and nothing more ; and civilisation without religion will not really raise a people. So it was very important that missionaries should be sent.

The Japanese realised that their old religion was no help to them ; but the " edict " (or rule) which said that any one who professed Christianity should be put to death was still in force, and to go to the missionaries to learn was dangerous. This edict was done away with in 1873.

Some things in the new faith they found difficult to understand and believe, and they asked many questions.

After a time a new college was opened, with only four students at first. Some one has said that " the Japanese are champion listeners ; they wear

out an ordinary man." One missionary began to preach at four o'clock, and when he was tired a native helper went on until nine ; after that the people went away. Perhaps very few of these were ever baptised, but still they had heard something they would never forget, and which they would tell to others.

Some bought Bibles printed in Japanese, and the next time the missionary came to a place where they had done so he would find a great many more people anxious to hear him.

In 1875, Mr. Maundrell, with his wife and child, landed in Nagasaki. Close here is the rocky island of Pappenberg, where, in 1637, many Japanese Christians were thrown from the rocks into the sea because they would not give up their faith.

PREACHING "THE JESUS-DOCTRINE"

He found a little church at Nagasaki, with a congregation of fourteen men and one woman. He was most kindly received wherever he went.

In Japan people have very pretty manners, and every one offered him tea in tiny cups. They all sit round on the floor with the tea-tray on a low stool in the centre. Mr. Maundrell made tours into the centre of the country, and taught the people in the tea-houses.

They called Christianity " the Jesus-doctrine,"

and those who heard it carried it with them to their own homes.

One Christian convert, who was a widow, became a shampooer, because in that way she had the chance of talking about "the Jesus-doctrine" to a great many people.

The governor of a prison had part of the New Testament given him. He did not want it, so he gave it to a prisoner, who read it. Some time after, a fire broke out. Instead of taking this chance to get free, the prisoners helped to put out the fire. The governor could not understand this at all. He made inquiries, and found that the prisoner to whom he had given this Book had become a Christian himself, and had also taught his fellow-prisoners.

If you look at Acts xvi. 25-30, you will see that, in not taking their freedom, they were following the example of St. Paul and St. Silas at Philippi.

FELLOW-WORKERS

At first Mr. Maundrell had to do nearly everything himself. Later, he was able to send some of the natives whom he had taught to teach in different places. Then he himself would visit them from time to time.

He had one splendid helper in Mrs. Goodall, whose husband had been a chaplain in India.

When he died she offered to come to Nagasaki. Her principal work was amongst girls, but she also taught English to the boy students. These students were devoted to Mr. Maundrell, to whom they looked up as to a father.

The old religion of Japan did not teach people to be kind. Sometimes an aged or sick person would be turned out to die in the fields. But when they had learnt that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" to save it, the people realised how wrong that was, and Mr. Maundrell noticed how great a difference Christianity made in their home life. Many wives were won by their husbands' kindness.

Mr. Maundrell was made archdeacon in 1886.

XVIII.—BISHOP PATTESON, OF MELANESIA



EXPECT that many children, especially boys, have thought and said what they would be when they grow up. When John Coleridge Patteson was only six years old he heard the Bishop of Barbadoes preach, and said : “ I will be a bishop ! ”

SCHOOL LIFE AT ETON

At Eton his life was just that of an ordinary boy. He was very good at games, particularly at cricket. Once when he was batting, Lillywhite, a great cricketer of those days, was quite cross because he could not bowl “ Coley ” out.

It was at Eton that he seriously made up his mind to be a missionary. He heard Bishop Selwyn, who was just going to New Zealand, preach at Windsor, and the Bishop had no idea of the impression he was making on the boy of fourteen. But, soon afterwards, the Bishop went to say good-bye to the judge and Lady Patteson, Coley’s father

and mother, and he said to Lady Patteson, " Will you give me Coley ? "

THE CALL

Thirteen years later, when Patteson was a curate at Alfrington, Bishop Selwyn came again to England for a rest, and visited the judge, who was then old and infirm. Coleridge heard the Bishop preach, and seemed drawn two ways. He looked at his aged father, who depended on him for all his happiness, and then he thought of the great work in New Zealand to which God seemed to be calling him. The judge was naturally troubled, but felt that he had no right to keep his son from the work. He gave him freely and fully, saying, " You must give yourself wholly, and not think of coming back to me." Don't you think that the old man was as much a mission hero as his son ?

A year later Coleridge Patteson went with Bishop Selwyn to New Zealand. Life there was very different from his easy, comfortable life in England. He had to cook, and sew, and do carpenter's work ; but he became very fond of the Maoris, and soon learnt their language.

On the very day that Patteson sailed from Southampton, a little ship called the *Southern Cross* was launched there. It had been built for Bishop Selwyn to travel among the many islands

of his big diocese. On it Patteson and the Bishop, about two years later, started for Norfolk Island, and from there to the almost unknown Melanesian Islands. These are beautiful coral islands, but the people were very savage, and some were cannibals. Soon the Bishop put Mr. Patteson in charge of these islands, and, after five years' work, he was consecrated to be the Bishop of Melanesia.

A BISHOP'S DUTIES

You would smile at the things the Bishop often had to do. He used to dress the boys himself, for they had never worn clothes before. He used to cut out dresses for the girls, and teach the boys how to make them, and those who were going to be married came to him to be dressed. You can't imagine an English Bishop standing with a white frock over his arm ready to dress a bride !

Unhappily, some traders called at these islands and seized people to sell them for slaves, after pretending to be friendly and so getting them on board. This naturally made the natives very angry and suspicious. They called the ships the "snatch-snatch vessels."

A MARTYR FOR CHRIST

It was in revenge for this that the good Bishop was murdered. One day the *Southern Cross* sailed

to the island of Nukapu. The Bishop went ashore, suspecting no harm. There he was killed, and his body put into a canoe and pushed out to his friends in the boat. It had five wounds in it, and a palm-leaf which was laid on his heart had five knots tied in it to show that it was to avenge the death of five people of the island. The next morning he was buried at sea by Mr. Atkins, who himself died a few days afterwards from the effect of a poisoned arrow.

It was a terrible shock to the people of Norfolk Island when the ship went back, and they heard the sad news. But for their Bishop they could only rejoice. He had fought a good fight, and gained the honour of wearing a martyr's crown.

XIX.—BISHOP RUSSELL, OF NORTH CHINA



WHEN he was a boy at school William Armstrong Russell was especially known for his courtesy and kindness.

One day a shy, sensitive boy arrived there, and, as sometimes happens, was bullied and his life made very miserable. William made up his mind to protect him. To do so he managed to rig up two beds one over the other in his own room—something like two bunks in a ship—and had his friend to sleep in one of them.

He always meant to be a missionary, and in 1847 he and his friend Mr. Cobbold went out to China.

A GREAT COUNTRY AND A HARD LANGUAGE

China is an immense land, and has a more crowded population than any other country in the world. Amongst these millions of people there were scarcely one hundred Christians at that time. It took five months to get there from



A Chinese greengrocer.



A ruined Buddhist Temple.

England, and on the way the two friends worked hard at the language, which is a most difficult one.

At Ningpo they came to the end of their journey, and settled down, in a Taouist monastery, with two teachers to study Chinese.

After a time they felt they must have a home of their own ; so they took a house, and used the first floor for themselves. On the ground floor was a large hall for service, in which they could receive visitors.

Mr. Russell found his room hot, so he made a room on the roof.

He was surprised to find that the Chinese objected to this. They thought that it would interfere in some way with the wind and rain, and that they would suffer. This was one of their heathen superstitions.

Mr. Russell invited them to tea, and to talk it over, and in his piquant way he said : " If I can have the wind you can have the water ! " This quite took their fancy, and they said no more about it.

IN PERILS OFTEN

He used to visit the temples and gather the people round him while he talked to them. Sometimes he and his friend walked into the country, and taught the people there. Their lives were in

danger when they did this ; but they had no fear, and never carried firearms.

One morning Mr. Russell woke up and found that all his clothes had been stolen, except a pair of boots ; but the thieves had left a mirror for him to see himself in ! This was intended as a joke !

Another day his boat was attacked by pirates, and the pirate captain demanded his watch and chain, and offered him a chest of tea in exchange. He accepted the offer, and showed the captain how to wind up the watch every night.

MRS. RUSSELL'S TRAINING

Some years before, a Mr. and Mrs. Leisk were living in Java with their two little girls. Mary, the eldest, was fourteen, but had not been to school. One day a lady landed there on her way to China to teach, and when she left she took Mary and her sister with her. They grew up in a Chinese school with Chinese companions, and were able to speak Chinese like the natives.

In 1852 Mary married Mr. Russell, and was the greatest help to him. She understood the people, and they were her friends.

Three times in one night Mrs. Russell had a curious dream ; she dreamt that her husband was in the power of pirates, and for days she watched

anxiously for him. When he came he told her the dream had been quite true ; but the pirates had not hurt them because the missionaries carried no guns.

A NEW ALPHABET

In the old Chinese writing there are four thousand letters, and most of the people never learnt them, and so couldn't read the Bible. Mr. Russell made a new alphabet. He wrote Chinese in the English letters, and it was pronounced as it was spelt. Many books were printed in this way, and could be easily read.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS' WORK

After fifteen years Mr. and Mrs. Russell went home to England ; both were ill and needed rest. They remained there seven years, and then returned to China.


Four years later Mr. Russell was consecrated bishop in Canterbury Cathedral.

He worked for six years longer amongst the Chinese, and then died, worn out with work. When he died, there were four thousand Christian natives in China. His friend David Barry had tried to persuade him to go home and rest, but he had refused, saying China was his country, and the

Chinese his people ; and from the crowded Chinese city he went to his rest in Paradise, where—

“ The crowds are there, but the sadness
Is fled with the toil and the pain ;
Nought is heard but the song of gladness,
In the city of holy men.”

XX.—BISHOP GEORGE SMITH, OF CHINA

EORGE SMITH was born the day after the Battle of Waterloo, a date easy to remember.

His father died while he was at college, and his mother was too poor to pay his expenses, so he got some pupils and earned enough to pay his way himself.

He sailed for China in 1844. Very little missionary work had been done there yet, and Mr. Smith had to begin by exploring.

At Canton he was hooted in the streets, which were some of them not more than five feet wide.

The new foreigners who had come to China had behaved in such a rude way to the Chinese that the people had named them "foreign devils." They had still to learn that there was another kind of foreigner whose one and only idea was to do them good.

LIANG-AFA

At Canton Mr. Smith found a Christian Chinaman called Liang-Afa. He had been taught by

Dr. Morrison, and had a great love for medical missions.

He said, "They make the hearts of people soft," meaning, of course, that when the Chinese found that the Christians cared for their bodies, they believed that they also cared for their souls.

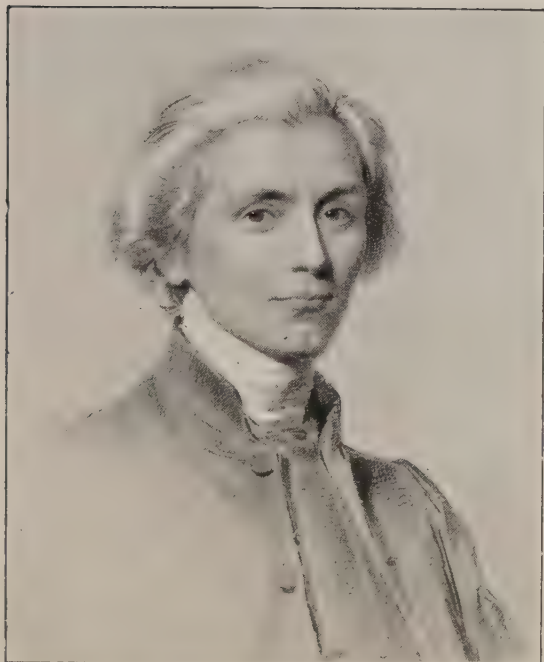
Some years later an Englishman wrote this account of the Canton hospital : "At 8 a.m. we joined a company in an upper room. The native members of the Church were there, and seated round were more than twenty Chinese, most of whom were patients and nurses from the wards. At 11 a.m. the seats were nearly full, and the aged Liang-Afa walked to the preacher's seat." It is the custom in China to sit when teaching. In the consulting-room Liang-Afa was also to be seen talking to the doctor, explaining the Bible and answering questions.

THE OPIUM TRADE

From Canton Mr. Smith went to Macao, and then to Hong-Kong.

He then went on to Shanghai with Bishop and Mrs. Boone, their little boy, and two ladies.

It took three weeks to get there, as the winds were against them, and Mr. Smith was very ill all the time. But they enjoyed being together, and used to sing Bishop Heber's missionary hymn.



Bishop George Smith.

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One great difficulty in their work was the opium trade. They were now travelling on a British schooner which was not an opium vessel, yet there were on board seven hundred and fifty chests of opium—that horrible drug which was destroying the Chinese in soul and body, and which English traders sent there just to make money. Mr. Smith's Chinese servant asked him one day why he, who came to teach the "Jesus-doctrine," came in a ship which brought opium. It was a hard question to answer, though, of course, all the missionaries wished that the opium trade could be stopped.

THE RELIGIONS OF CHINA

There are several different religions believed in China.

Confucianism was one, and, though it taught nothing about God, it did teach that people should be kind to their neighbours.

At Shanghai Mr. Smith found a "Hall of United Benevolence," where a great deal of time was spent in making coffins for dead people who had no friends to bury them.

Shintoism was the worship of ancestors. If you went to China you would find that many people take offerings to the graves of their parents and grandparents, because they think that, if they

did not do so, the departed spirits would do them some harm.

One day, while Mr. Smith was preaching in a Taoist temple, he got excited and knocked down an idol by mistake. He expected that the people would be angry, but they laughed, which showed that they did not think much of their idols.

PRISONERS IN WOODEN COLLARS

At Shanghai he found the people much more friendly than at Canton.

Foochow was the only treaty port where there was no Protestant missionary. It was an important place, and crowded with people. There he saw mandarins carried on men's shoulders, and, close by, prisoners wearing horrible wooden collars which stood out two feet all round their necks, and prevented them putting their hands to their heads. Kind people used to go and feed them as they stood all day chained to a wall.

Women passed him, tottering along on their little cramped feet, which had been strapped up while they were children to prevent them growing.

In 1846 Mr. Smith went home to England, and was consecrated as Bishop of Victoria, the capital of Hong-Kong.


While at home he married, and for fifteen years he and his wife worked together in China.

It was a hard and difficult time. The great Tai-Ping rebellion began. You may have heard of that, and how General Gordon was called "Chinese Gordon" because he brought it to an end.

Once the Bishop visited the Loo-Choo Islands, which are just to the south of Japan. He found a good, brave man who was trying to work there, but could not get the people to listen to him. If he went into a busy, crowded street they all vanished into their houses and shut the doors. They were afraid that the Japanese Government would be angry with them if they had anything to do with a foreigner, as it was before the time that foreigners were allowed in Japan.

In 1864 the Bishop became so ill that he was obliged to give up his work to some one stronger, but after a long rest he was able to preach and lecture in England for the Church Missionary Society until he died in 1871.

XXI.—THE REV. DEVEREUX SPRATT, OF ALGIERS

O read of missionaries brings to our minds big missionary societies, meetings, speeches and stirring hymns like “Greenland’s icy mountains” to make us keen and excited. But the Rev. Devereux Spratt lived, worked, and died before there were any missionary societies. They were a very curious people amongst whom he worked.

PIRATES

Years ago the Mediterranean Sea was practically ruled by pirates, or “corsairs,” as they were called. The earliest of these were Greeks. When the Turks came to Europe they were afraid of the water, and one of them told his chief that the sea “was a huge beast which silly folk ride, like worms on logs.” But they soon found that if they meant to hold their own they must learn how to manage ships. All great nations have

owned ships. We always say, don't we, that the British Empire has become the great realm it is because England is the "Queen of the Sea."

THE MOORS

If you went to Spain you would see many beautiful buildings which were built by the Moors when they were in Spain. These Moors were Mohammedans, and for a long time they persecuted the Christians there, as it was part of their religion to do, until Ferdinand and Isabella drove them out.

Then they settled in Africa, and in revenge they became corsairs, and were a most terrible danger to the whole of South Europe.

In the sixteenth century a great battle was fought, and after that the corsairs were not so great and powerful as they had been before.

Yet it is a fact, though it seems almost impossible to believe it, that they continued to be the scourge of the sea right up to the time that steamers were invented.

The people of Algiers, which was their chief town, were quite lawless. Their rulers were called "deys," or "beys," and when they got tired of one they murdered him and appointed another.

They also constantly seized captives and demanded great sums for their ransom.

No one seemed brave enough to make a stand against them. Indeed, they were treated most politely. William III. wrote to the boy then reigning, and signed himself " your loving friend " !

As time went on the Moors were joined by renegades from other countries—men who had committed crimes and become pirates. Others had been captured as children and brought up to this life of robbery. Sometimes they were not content to rob at sea, but ran their galleys close to the shore, surprised the towns and villages, burnt them down and took away men, women, and children as slaves, making these poor, ruined, heart-broken people carry their own property, though they were no longer able to call any of it their own.

Algiers was full of money, slaves, and treasure from every country.

GALLEYS AND SLAVES

In the earliest days the corsairs used galleys—long boats rowed with enormous oars, each of which needed four or five men. They made Christian slaves row them. It is horrible to think of these poor creatures chained for months at a time



A slave gang at work.

on hard benches, naked and half starved. It was fearfully hard work ; the galleys were so heavy that the men had to leap on the oars with their whole weight to move them. If they fainted they were flogged and then flung into the sea to drown.


The slaves at Algiers lived in great misery, and sometimes were actually ill-treated. They were sold in the open market and beaten if lazy. Prisoners who were not sold were put into dungeons, all herded together—dainty, refined ladies and little children with the roughest men. Some remained there for years because they had no friends rich enough to ransom them.

About the beginning of the sixteenth century Mr. Devereux Spratt was taken prisoner off the Irish coast by pirates, and carried to Algiers, where he found thousands of fellow-prisoners in these horrible prisons, amongst them many English people. When we think what they were suffering it is not wonderful that they were beginning to doubt God and lose their faith.

Mr. Spratt devoted himself to helping them. He comforted them and ministered to them, married some of them, and baptised their children. Even after his ransom had been paid and he was quite free to go, he chose to remain for about two years longer to help them as they begged him to do. He had won their love and brought a ray of

sunshine into their sad lives. Though we know very little about him, what we do know is a story of such self-sacrifice that it makes us proud to think that even three hundred years ago an Englishman showed such a real missionary spirit.

XXII.—BISHOP STEERE, OF ZANZIBAR

R. STEERE went to Africa the first time with his great friend Bishop Tozer. When Bishop Tozer resigned, Mr. Steere was with great difficulty persuaded to take his place.

While in England for his consecration he was asked to take a meeting. When the evening arrived there were only three men present, so the chairman said :—

“ It isn’t worth while your speaking.”

“ Oh, yes,” said the Bishop, “ they have come to hear about Africa, and they shall.”

After the meeting one of the men came to the bishop and said :—

“ My lord, you little know what you have done for me. I didn’t believe in missions or missionary bishops before, but now I do. Here is all the money I have in my pocket.”

It was £25. I tell you this to show you what a power of winning men Bishop Steere had.

He was speaking at a big meeting at Cambridge the day he had to sail ; but he told no one why he

left before the meeting was over. He so disliked any fuss that he just slipped quietly away.

Soon after he got to Zanzibar a cargo of rescued slaves were given to him. They had to be housed, clothed, fed and taught.

A JOURNEY TO NYASALAND

He soon restarted the work at Magila, which had had to be given up for a time. In the Magila district there are now a large number of Christians.

Every one wanted to see work done on Lake Nyasa, where Bishop Mackenzie had first gone ; and, as soon as he could, Bishop Steere made plans to go overland towards the lake to see what could be done. He knew the danger as well as the importance of this, and made careful preparations.

Before they had got well started Mr. James, one of the party, became so ill that he had to be sent back ; and it was late in the year, and near the time for rains, before they really got off.

After a long, rough journey they reached Mataka's. This was a large native town. The chief's name was Mataka, and it was named after him.

Mataka was friendly, and willing to have a missionary to teach his people ; so the bishop began his return journey full of hope.

They went back through heavy rain, and most of the way they followed a slave caravan, and saw what terrible things had happened. Each day some poor creature, too worn out to go further, had been killed by the cruel Arab slave-dealers, and left on the roadside to be devoured by wild beasts.

When the bishop got back to Zanzibar he found that Mr. James had died, and also one of the lady workers. This made it impossible to send any one to Nyasaland just then.

FIGHTING THE SLAVE TRADE

The bishop felt that nothing could really be done until the slave trade was put down. The sultan made a law that no slaves were to be brought from the mainland to Zanzibar. Unless they could be sold it was no use getting them, so that helped a great deal.

Soon after this Mr. Maples (afterwards Bishop) and Mr. Johnson (now Archdeacon of Nyasaland) joined the mission.

The next step was making a settlement for the released slaves at Masasi. They were people who had been brought from inland, and had lost their homes and all their friends.

THE SLAVE-MARKET CHURCH

It was in the same year that Bishop Tozer resigned that the slave market of Zanzibar was given to the mission. The place where such horrible cruelties had taken place was bought by a rich Hindoo merchant, who gave it to Bishop Steere without asking anything for it. Some land round it and a house were bought and presented by the Rev. A. R. West.

Here Bishop Steere built Christ Church, now the Cathedral of Zanzibar. He was his own architect, and every one considers it very beautiful. The altar stands where the whipping-post used to be, and now between the altar and the bishop's throne Bishop Steere lies buried.

LAST VISIT TO ENGLAND

Early in 1882 the bishop fainted in church, and every one said he ought to go home. The next mail brought news of Mrs. Steere's serious illness, so he started at once. Mrs. Steere had always hoped to join her husband in Africa, but he prevented it.

His last visit to England will never be forgotten by those who saw and heard him. Although he was ill he was always cheerful. He went to Oxford,




Building the Slave-market Church.

Cambridge, and Durham. He spoke at meetings, and preached many times.

One specially kind thing that he did was to visit the homes of all his missionaries to cheer and comfort the fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters of those who were so far away.

He went back to Africa, and died very suddenly the same year.

XXIII.—ELIZABETH THOMPSON, OF SYRIA

HEN Elizabeth Thompson was a young girl a friend said of her, "Your sister is a great general," and to her he said, "My dear Elizabeth, you need calmness." If you think what these two remarks mean you will understand her character. Calmness came to her through suffering, and the energy and power to plan and to carry out her plans had never left her.

• AT ANTIOCH

At Antioch, where the followers of Christ were first called Christians, Elizabeth began her life-work. Her husband was a doctor, and was made the head of a hospital at Damascus. He had some land near Antioch, and there they lived for one and a half years. The women were ignorant and degraded, so she opened some schools for them, and when she had to leave she left a native Christian teacher to carry on the work.



Syrian women and children.

[Page III.]

THE CRIMEAN WAR

When the war broke out Dr. Thompson offered at once to go and help. Unhappily, he very soon took a bad fever and died.

You know that the Indian Mutiny came just after the Crimean War. Mrs. Thompson did not sit down and mourn over her own loss, but she came to London and worked hard in sending out supplies to the poor sufferers in India.

THE PERSECUTION IN SYRIA

Soon afterwards the news came that the Christians were being persecuted and killed in Syria—by the Druses and Turks.

When Mrs. Thompson heard of this she felt that her duty was to go and help them. When she got there she found things even worse than she had expected.

All the Christian men and boys had been killed, and there were hundreds of poor widows left. They were hopeless and helpless. Clothed in rags, they sat in groups moaning and weeping. All they did was to knead a little flour and water on a stone to make a cake to keep them alive.

It looked a hopeless task, but Elizabeth Thompson was never hopeless. She talked kindly to these poor, sad women. She told them about the Lord

Jesus, for although they were Christians they had had no teaching.

SCHOOLS

Then she began a school in her hotel, and in one year there were five schools, and a house where thirty widows were being taught to live useful, happy lives.

In England Lord Shaftesbury heard about it, and sent her money. All the English people out there were interested ; the officers from the war-ships sent their washing for these poor women to do, the captain of one ship gave her a mangle, and the ships' carpenters made benches and desks.

AN ANSWER TO PRAYER

One day Mrs. Thompson found that she had no money to pay her poor widows for the work they had done, so they all knelt down and asked God to send them the money.

During the day some Turkish ladies came to see the school and the mission, and when they left, gave a purse full of small coins, which, when added up, came to exactly the amount needed. This answer to their prayer was a great help in teaching them that God was their Father and listened to them and helped them in their need.

THE MOUNTAIN TOP

Mrs. Thompson went through the whole district to find out the best places in which to work. She climbed to the top of Mount Hermon and saw the country spread at her feet—the River Pharpar, and Damascus with its lovely gardens, Tyre and Sidon, and the Sea of Galilee. Great eagles soared above her head, and a great brown bear came close to her.

The schools were visited by King Edward VII., who was then Prince of Wales. He gave £25 and an order for embroidery.

A little later Canon Tristram visited them. Instead of the helpless, hopeless women of a few years before, he found a bright busy party, who came and asked to be allowed to wash and mend his clothes, and soon a merry group were sitting near the tents of the travellers busy with needles and thread, showing by the change in their faces that they were Christians who understood what their religion meant.

A TRANSFORMATION SCENE

In 1867 Daoud Pasha gave part of a house to be used as a school. It was dreadfully dirty, but no one seemed inclined to clean it, so Mrs. Thompson tied up her head in a duster and started with a broom. When they saw her begin others came


to help. The men put up desks, and made seats, and whitewashed the walls.

When the Pasha came back a few days later and found a clean, tidy room he was delighted, and gave a thousand francs towards a new school, which was to take the place of the room.

ONE FOLD AND ONE SHEPHERD

In time even their old enemies the Druses came and asked to be taught, and schools were at once started for them. This was a very great joy to Mrs. Thompson, who had the happiness of taking some of them to be confirmed by the English Bishop at Jerusalem.

XXIV.—THE REV. H. TOWNSEND, OF SIERRA LEONE

 HAVE already told you of a missionary who was born the day after the Battle of Waterloo. Now I am going to tell you about another missionary born in that year.

Henry Townsend was so delicate as a boy that his friends sometimes thought that his death would be a blessing. But as it often happens with a frail body, his was a brave, strong spirit.

When he was twenty-one years old he offered to go to West Africa, and was sent to Islington College to prepare. At that time white men who went to that coast died almost as soon as they got there, because no one understood the fevers and how to cure them as they do now. It must have seemed like madness to send such a delicate man as Henry there.

However, he was determined to go, and for three years he worked as a layman at Sierra Leone, visiting the sick, holding meetings and services. He had yellow fever, and so many other illnesses,

that at the end of that time he came home for a rest ; but he soon returned with a wife whom he had married in England.

RESCUED SLAVES

At that time a good work was being done by the English Government in rescuing slaves who had been captured by Arabs. Many were children whom they carried more than one thousand miles along the coast or into the country before they sold them. After being rescued, some of them found work in trading vessels, and, arriving at Lagos, recognised it as the place where the Arabs had put them on board the slave ships.

You will remember that Bishop Crowther, the black bishop, went to a place called Abeokuta, and there met his mother, whom he had not seen for years. Here these people also found many of their relatives and friends, for all the people there were refugees from one hundred and fifty towns and villages that had been destroyed by the slave trade.

At Sierra Leone there were a number of the tribe called the Egbas, who wanted to go to Abeokuta and live among their own people. They asked for a missionary to go with them, as they thought he would be a protection against the Arabs. Mr. and Mrs. Townsend went, and as they travelled along paths where no white person had ever been seen,

the natives came out to stare at them. Sometimes women and children ran away, howling with fear as they came near.

Mr. Townsend was carried into Abeokuta in a basket on the heads of two men. As he passed the people called out, "A blessing on you, white man." He was kindly received by the king, who was dressed in scarlet velvet, and who gave a piece of land for a school, and came himself to the first service.

Soon after this, Mr. Townsend went to England and was ordained, or, as the Africans called it, "crowned" a minister.

BURYING BABIES ALIVE

Just as everything looked bright and hopeful the friendly king died, and till it was known if the new king would be friendly they went to a place called Badagry, where they built a church and school to which forty children came.

One terrible custom among the heathen was to bury babies alive when their mothers died. Mr. Townsend told them how wrong this was, and built a house for the poor little babies who had no mothers, and Mrs. Townsend looked after them.

Other missionaries came, but the people looked to Mr. Townsend as their head, and were devoted to him and his wife.

Once after having been away they were received like royalty, salutes were fired, and they rode to their house amidst a shouting crowd.

WAR WITH DAHOMEY


The King of Dahomey twice made war on the Egbas. He wanted them for slaves, but he was defeated the first time. The second time Mr. Townsend heard an African woman praying in the church that God "Who had delivered His people from Pharaoh and Sennacherib would remember His people at Abeokuta." Her prayer was answered ; the army went away without ever attacking the village.

One year the church and mission buildings caught fire and were destroyed. But still the work went on.

In 1867 the white people all had to leave, as there had been disputes between the English Government and the native chiefs, and for eight years no white man was allowed at Abeokuta. But all the time the native Christians kept together under their native clergy, and used to have the services, and even built a new and better church. The Townsends went to Lagos and made many converts there. When they were able to return to Abeokuta they were warmly welcomed. At last they were obliged to return to England, as Mrs.

Townsend's health had quite broken down with all she had gone through. Mr. Townsend lived for another year and helped his people at Abeokuta by writing to them and by telling people in England about them and asking for prayers and help.

XXV.—BISHOP TOZER, OF ZANZIBAR

R. TOZER went from Burgh, a quiet little country town in Lincolnshire, to take up the work in Central Africa laid down by Bishop Mackenzie. It was like a forlorn hope, for after the death of the bishop nearly all the first party had died or been obliged to leave the country. Some one was needed to make a fresh start.

THE RIGHT MAN

“Tozer sticks at nothing and succeeds in everything.” These were the words of his friend, Mr. Steere, the Vicar of Little Steeping, a village near Burgh. When Mr. Tozer went to see him about the work he had been asked to do, Mr. Steere said he would go out with him. They were joined by Mr. Alington, another Lincolnshire clergyman.

MAGOMERO OR ZANZIBAR?

They went to Magomero, where Bishop Mackenzie had tried to start the mission work ; but they soon found it was an impossible place, because white men couldn't live there.

After consulting with Bishop Gray, of Cape

Town, Bishop Tozer decided to leave the mainland *for the present*, and settle on the island of Zanzibar and work from there.

Now I want you to understand that that was not an easy thing for him to do. The name of the mission was "The mission to the tribes dwelling round Lake Nyasa." Dr. Livingstone and many other friends thought it was giving up the very reason for having this mission at all, to go and live on an island off the coast. But Bishop Tozer saw further than most people. He saw that Zanzibar was the right place for a *starting point*, though he never considered it the *goal*.

It was the very heart of the slave trade ; the place to which the slaves were brought from the mainland to be sold ; its slave market was the largest in the world.

Before leaving the mainland, Bishop Tozer went to see the grave of Bishop Mackenzie, and solemnly consecrated the ground around it.

When Bishop Tozer got to Zanzibar he had to decide how to set to work. He very soon made up his mind that the one thing which could most, in the long run, help Africa was to have native clergy. Again he was looking ahead, you see. He had five little slave boys given to him by the Sultan to start with. He got a large house close to the sea, and began the work there in a quiet way.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVE DHOW

One day news came to the missionaries that an Arab sailing ship, called a "dhow," was lying in Zanzibar harbour full of slaves, who were to be taken across to Arabia. Word was sent to the British sailors, and they started out with two ships to stop it. They managed to get close to the dhow before they were seen. Then there was a desperate fight. The coxswain of one of the English ships was killed and some others were wounded ; but they won the victory. The Arabs jumped into the sea, reached one of their own boats, and got away.

Then came the work of rescuing the slaves. It is almost too horrible to tell you about. Below the deck, in a space only two feet deep, three hundred people were packed in awful heat and every sort of horror. Amongst them were fifty children. Fourteen of these children were given to the bishop, nine girls and five boys ; so the work grew.

THE FIRST BAPTISM

A few months later the bishop was busy with a delightful task : making a font in which to baptise his first converts. He had a large metal bowl set in a wooden stand, which he draped in white and decorated with flowers.

The work on the mainland was not forgotten.



A British ship firing on an Arab slave dhow.

The missionaries longed for the time when they could go to the lake. But it couldn't be done all at once. A start was made at a place called Magila, where Mr. Alington worked until he had to leave the mission. Others followed him, and the work there has steadily grown.

THE GREAT HURRICANE

At six o'clock one Monday morning a great storm broke over the island of Zanzibar. It was a wild and fearful scene. The houses were flooded, the wind blew the sea to a tremendous height, the thunder, though loud, was almost drowned by the noise of wind and waves. The roofs were torn off, and almost every window and door was either blown in or carried away.

The poor little children sat huddled together, too frightened to speak until a wild sea-bird was blown in amongst them. Then they forgot to cry in stroking and comforting the frightened bird.

When it was all over, the mission party were all safe ; but all they had was ruined. This broke down the bishop, who had had four years of very heavy trials ; and when, two months later, his friend and faithful helper, Mr. Pennell, died, he was obliged to go away for a holiday, and soon afterwards he had to resign his work in Zanzibar.

XXVI.—HENRY AND WILLIAM WILLIAMS, OF NEW ZEALAND

BISHOP WILLIAM WILLIAMS had a brother twelve years older than himself, and as their great work was done together, I want first to tell you about him.

HENRY WILLIAMS

Henry Williams entered the navy when a boy, and saw some fighting during the wars with Napoleon. At the end of that time he retired and married.

He heard soon afterwards about the work that had been begun in New Zealand by Samuel Marsden, and he and his wife said they would go out, paying, as far as possible, their own expenses, to help the poor savages at the other end of the world.

Instead of the finest and largest ship they could find, they chose to go in a female convict ship, so that they could do something to help the poor miserable women who were being sent away from

their friends and homes. It must have been a most uncomfortable voyage.

They stayed some time at Sydney, in Australia, to learn the language ; and then Mr. Marsden took them to New Zealand.

Henry Williams was a fine strong man, but he was also most courteous. Sometimes boys think they are showing manliness by being rough. Mr. Williams did not think that at all. He was always polite even to the most impolite savage. The Maoris were very uncivilised.

Many tribes were cannibal, and for months after the Williamses settled at Paihia the people used to watch them night and day, and sometimes danced war dances near their huts in a very alarming way.

But after a time, seeing that the Williamses did them no harm and always did them any good they could, they became quieter and more polite.

Once Mrs. Williams wrote home to England that her husband had gone away for months amongst the most savage tribes, and she did not know when she would see him again. But she trusted in the goodness of God to bring him safely back. Just think what that meant. If the natives had got angry they might have chosen to kill and eat him.

THE YOUNGER BROTHER

William Williams was to have been a doctor, but after hearing about his brother's work in New Zealand, he changed his mind and decided to join him. He was first ordained and married ; then he and his wife went straight to Australia. Henry met them, and they travelled to Paihia together. Henry's wife welcomed them warmly. It must have been a treat to see home faces again.

They were all a very united and devoted family, so it was a happy life.

Henry was of an adventurous nature ; William more quiet and studious. He spent a good deal of time in translating the Bible and Prayer Book into the Maori language.

Before he went to join his brother he had spent some time in the London hospitals, and was able to doctor the people when they were ill. They themselves had no idea of doing anything, but just left their sick friends to die.

The missionaries all worked very hard ; the ladies teaching, and the two brothers holding services. After a time some of the Maoris themselves became teachers.

Sometimes the two families took a holiday and went in boats to other islands. This the children enjoyed very much, though their mothers were

rather anxious till they were safely ashore, as the boats were very frail.

When William's eldest son was baptised, four sons of the chief of Paihia were baptised also; and the next year the chief himself openly became a Christian.

From all over the islands messages began to come asking for teachers, and presently the brothers felt it was time for them to part, as by so doing they could do more work. So William and his wife and family went away, and settled at Poverty Bay, with native teachers to help them.

When Bishop Selwyn came he made both brothers archdeacons. He was delighted with all they had done.

A few years later he consecrated William Williams Bishop of Waiapu. Then for some time all went well. The Maoris gave up cannibalism and lived peaceful, useful, Christian lives.

THE HAU-HAU REBELLION

Unhappily this did not last. Some got tired of law and order, and a half-witted man said he had had a vision of the Angel Gabriel and the Virgin Mary, who told him that the Maoris were to drive away the white men.

Thus the Hau-hau rebellion began. The rebels

used the word Hau-hau as their war cry ; it sounded something like the bark of a prairie dog.

This was a sad time for the missionaries ; the Bishop had to leave his home and his schools, and all his belongings were destroyed. Mr. Volkner, another missionary, was brutally murdered. Henry Williams was killed in a fight. Suddenly a chief exclaimed, " I have killed the Williams." He was so horrified that he at once laid down his arms and said he would fight no more. The chiefs of one party spent the night in the *pah* (or camp) of the other, and both parties went to the funeral. So he who had always tried to make peace was a peacemaker even in death.

Fifty years after his landing in New Zealand Bishop Williams had a stroke. The new Bishop came in time to see him before he died.

THE END .

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